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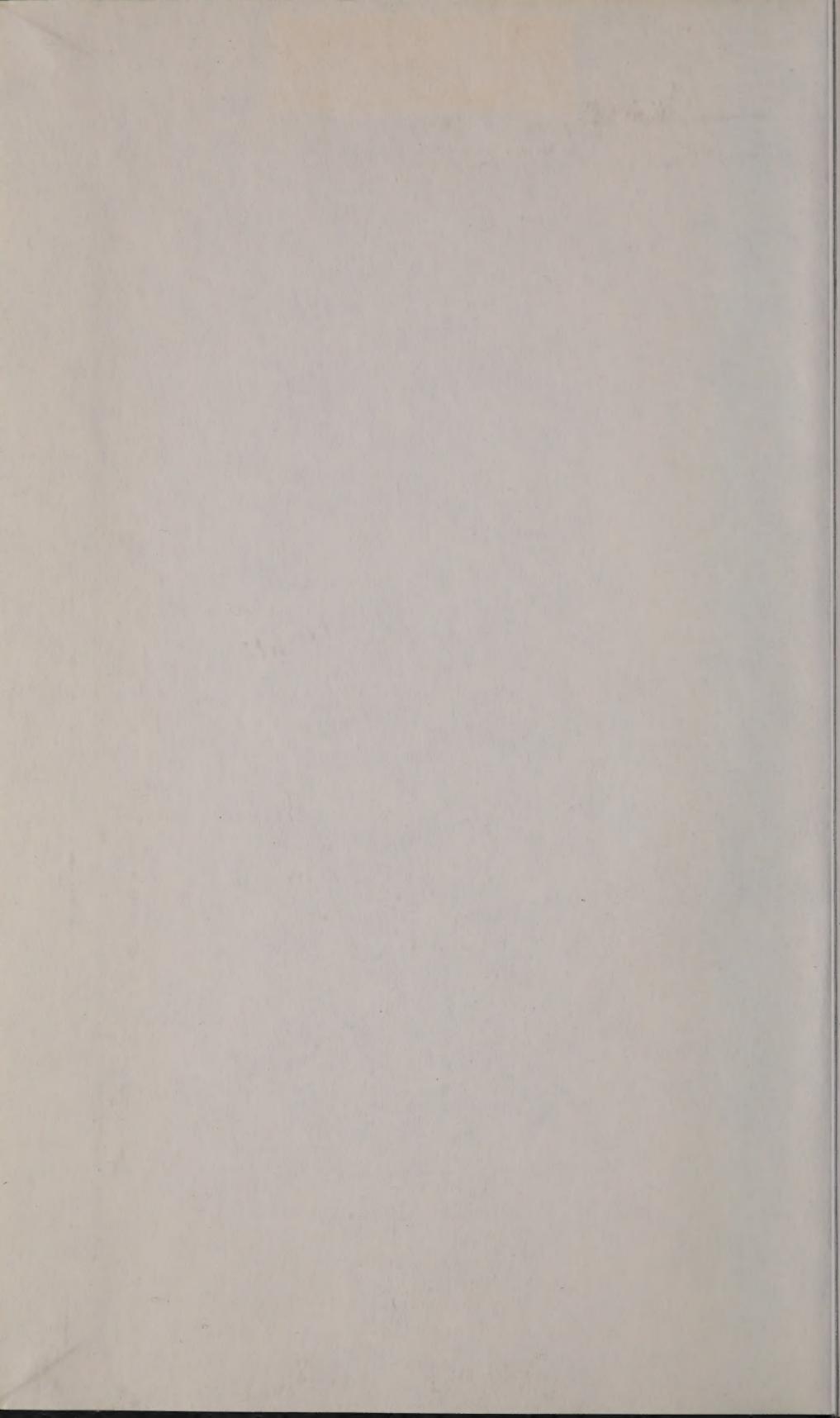
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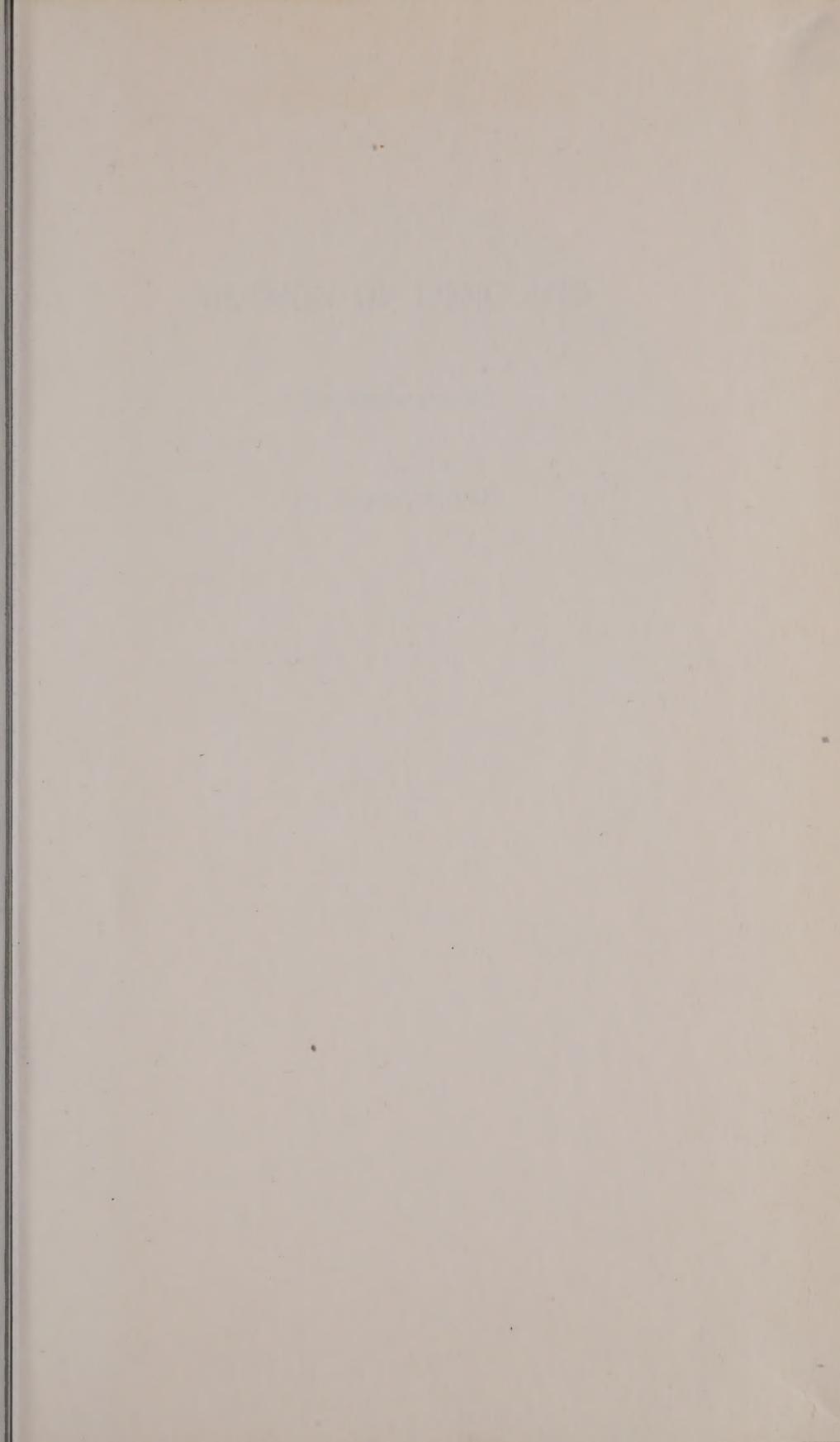
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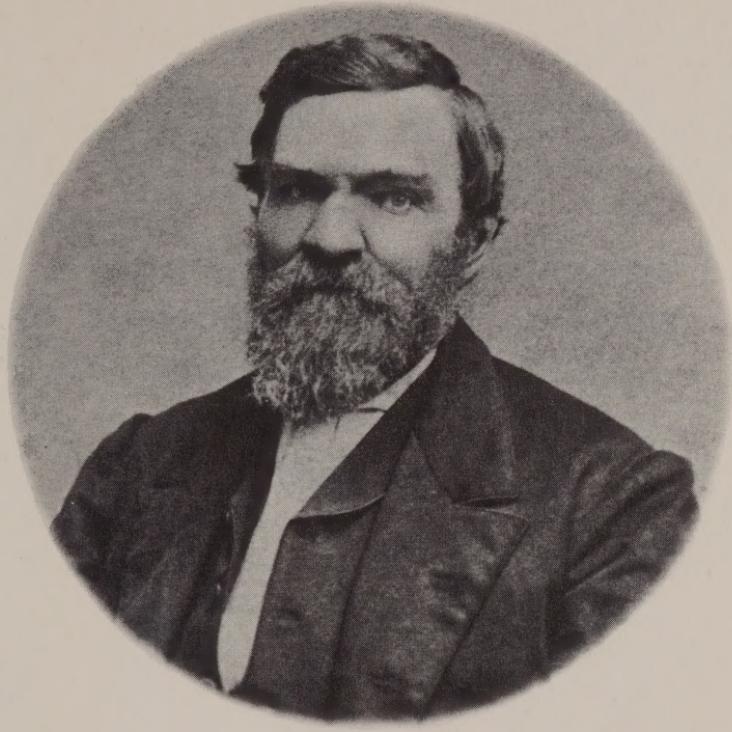
Reminiscences

by LORA CASE

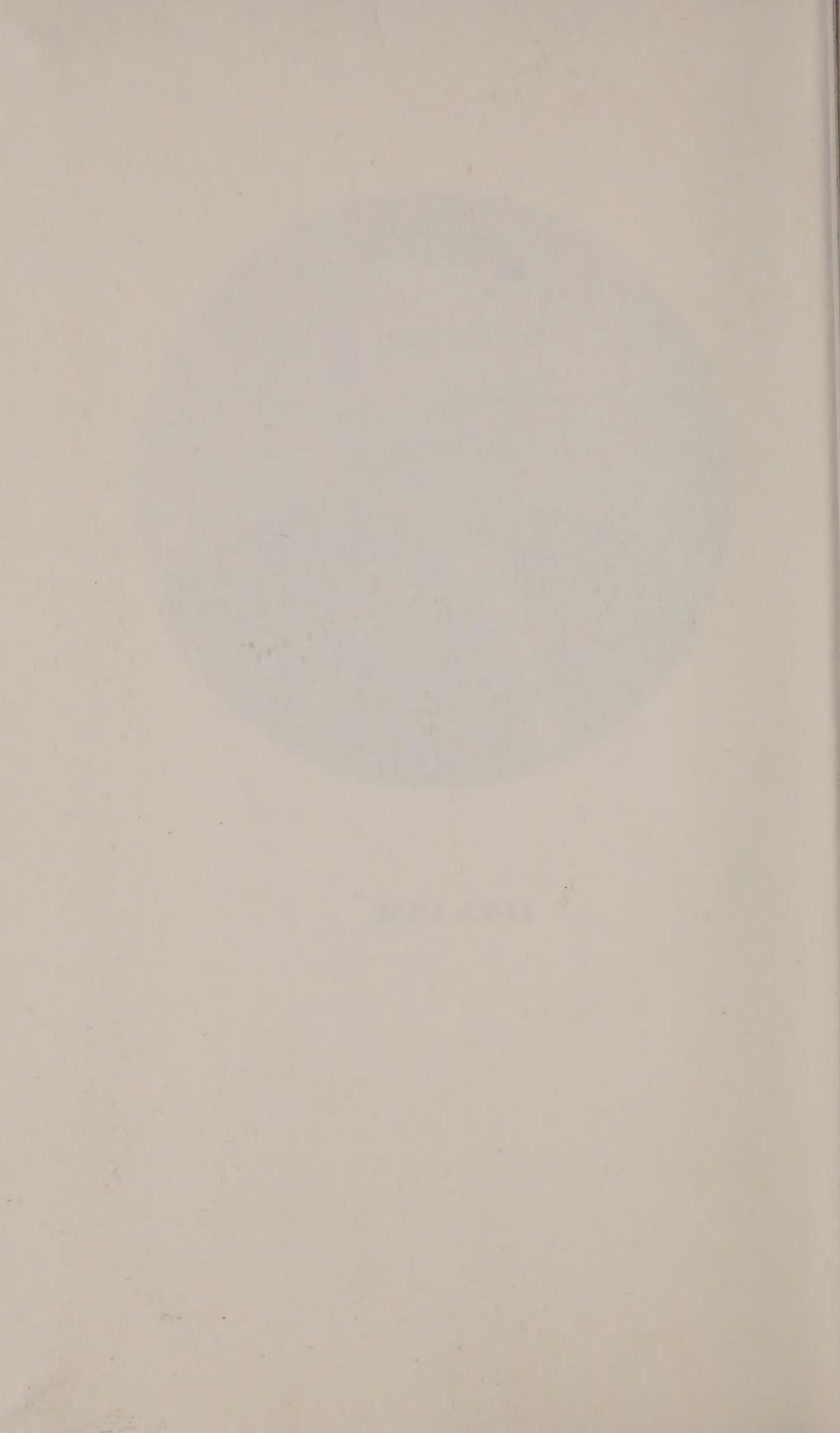
WILLIAM H. WOODWARD

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LORA CASE



HUDSON ^{Ohio} OF LONG AGO

Progress of Hudson During the Past Century
Personal Reminiscences of an Aged Pioneer

Reminiscences

Written in 1897

By LORA CASE

Republished by
THE HUDSON LIBRARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Hudson, Ohio, 1963

Originally published in

THE HUDSON INDEPENDENT

February-August, 1897

Acknowledgment

We are happy to celebrate the opening of a new wing of our Library by republishing these *Reminiscences*. We acknowledge with deep gratitude the generosity of four of the great-grandsons of Lora Case's brother, Henry — Weldon W. Case, Nelson H. Case, Baxter H. Case, and Theodore H. Case — and their mother, Mrs. Harry N. Case, without whose interest and support this book could not have been printed.

1953605

THE HUDSON LIBRARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Chandler T. Jones, *President*

Introduction

It was to Lora Case that John Brown, on the morning of his execution, December 2, 1859, wrote his last letter. Beyond Hudson Township, Case is chiefly known for this association. He knew John Brown from his boyhood and admired him as a man and as a leader. Indeed, he, like so many other Abolitionists, joined in the beatification of Brown; he speaks of Brown's execution and Christ's crucifixion in the same sentence.

But it is to the reader interested in the early days on the Western Reserve that Lora Case's recollections have their greatest appeal. Case came to Hudson in 1814 when he was not quite three years old and, after a long life as a prosperous farmer and respected citizen, died here in 1897. From the day of the "comfortable and commodious" furnace-heated farmhouse, his memory reached back to the day of the log house, heated by a stick and clay fireplace. From the time of "spring-seat buggies and covered carriages" he recalled the time of ox-carts and sleds. Moreover, he was peculiarly suited by temperament to observe and remember the things we most enjoy knowing about pioneer days. Although he said that he intended to record the trials and self-denials of the pioneers, his own natural zest for life prevented his dwelling at length upon their hardships; instead the frontier often seems an enchanted place. Memory spreads with luxuries his father's table in the first little log house of his childhood. He describes riding to church in a stoneboat behind a yoke of oxen as a rare delight. The frontier comes to life as we learn what it took to raise a barn and how it felt to be a boy running through the woods at midnight with wolves howling before and behind. Lora Case has that prime characteristic necessary to the writer of memoirs — he is a good gossip.

Furthermore, Case's character exemplifies for us the virtues we cherish in our frontiersmen. He is sturdy, hard-working, shrewd, pious, resourceful, dryly humorous. Little crotchets make him human. He is, perhaps, inclined to be long-winded on the subject of "the Liquor Traffic." He may now and then exaggerate a little. (Did his father really twice kill two deer with one bullet, and if so why does he never explain how this happened?) He was both a man of strong

principles and a practical man of action. He not only declared himself an Abolitionist but also joined actively with the underground railroad and helped slaves to escape to Canada. When he wrote to John Brown, after that man had been found guilty of conspiracy, murder, and treason, Lora Case said he prayed that the condemned man would "come off conqueror through Him that hath loved us, and find a resting-place in Heaven," and, characteristically, he also offered to bring up Brown's youngest daughter with his own.

Lora Case's grandson remembers him as a broad-shouldered man, powerful and vigorous. Even as an old man he would seize one handle of a two-man crosscut saw and, hanging his hat on the other handle to keep it from wobbling, "could saw as much wood as any two men could." A newspaper account, speaking of the last ten years of his life, pictures him "with his worn old Bible in reach of his hand, with a grandchild on either side reading to them or singing the hymns learned in his boyhood." This rings true. Lora Case was well acquainted with his Bible, and we may assume that a man who so relished his own boyhood would have known how to enjoy his grandchildren. Yet this description does not quite sum up his declining years. His grandson recalls that three days before his death in his eighty-sixth year he was out in the July heat, mowing the grass in Draper Cemetery. It is appropriate to remember him this way, a strong, high-principled man who enjoyed his life and made the most of it — the kind of forefather any citizen of this age of atoms and anxiety might feel happy to have at his back; in fact, the perfect image of the pioneer.

* * * * *

Lora Case's *Reminiscences* were first published in *The Hudson Independent*, a weekly newspaper, in the year of his death, 1897. For the purposes of republication, nineteen newspaper articles were assembled and compared with a manuscript copy owned by Lora Case's grandson, Julian Wright Scott. The origin of this manuscript cannot be established. It is not in Case's handwriting, but it is evidently the copy which was given to the *Independent* for publication, and, although it does not cover all the articles, it has proved most helpful in clearing up some of the mysteries and inaccuracies which appeared in newsprint.

Instead of using the chronological order in which the articles were published, the text of the *Reminiscences* has been rearranged slightly, so that paragraphs on like subjects come together. The unusual spellings and capitalizations have been kept; some punctuation has been added and subtracted; and one or two repetitious paragraphs have been omitted.

I am deeply indebted to Mr. Julian W. Scott for allowing me to use his Lora Case manuscript and clippings, and for sharing his recollections of his grandfather. To Mr. J. Frederick Waring special thanks are due; his advice and active help at every stage of this project have been invaluable. I am very grateful, also, for much useful advice and information, to: Mr. Weldon W. Case, Mrs. John M. Dodds, Mrs. Robert J. Izant, Mr. Chandler T. Jones, the Rev. Mr. Vernon Jones, Miss Anna V. Lee, the Rev. Mr. Arthur E. Pritchett, Mr. Boyd B. Stutler, and Dr. Kurt Weidenthal.

FRANCES B. B. SUMNER

Hudson, Ohio

February 28, 1963

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FOREWORD

[After] relating the early history of myself and other pioneers, and the changes which I had witnessed in Hudson, to Dr. Seymour¹, he urged me to write it for publication. My reply was, "My education is too limited to make it interesting. If I had your qualifications, I would do it." He replied that it would be more interesting if told in an old farmer way, representing old times, and wished I would, so that it will not be lost. "There is no one living," he said, "that has seen and knows the trials and self-denials of the old pioneers of Hudson as well as you do, and I would like to see it in print."

His urgent request — with others since — led to the writing of the personal history . . . and the short sketches of several of the early residents of this town which will follow.

LORA CASE

I

A Frontier Boyhood

On the 23rd day of May, 1814, my father and mother, Chauncey¹ and Cleopatra Hayes Case, with five children, of whom I was the youngest, started from Granby, Connecticut, for Hudson, Ohio, in a two-horse covered wagon, with a cow hitched on behind to supply us on the road with milk. We reached Zina Post's in the Northwest part of Hudson² on the Fourth of July, all well, stayed with him that night and on the 5th moved into a log house two miles Southeast of the center of town. My father, before leaving Connecticut, had bought the whole of Lot 17 in Hudson of Dr. Moses Thompson³. The house was built, but not finished, and stood near the middle of the lot from East to West, on the South side of the road⁴. When we moved in, the house had neither floor, doors, windows, nor chimney in it. I was only about two-and-a-half years old at that time, but I remember distinctly how it looked; it was quite large and logs were hewn outside and inside.

The first thing my father did was to build a fireplace of cobble-head stones laid up with clay mortar. The hearth was eight feet long, made of clay tamped down. The chimney was built of sticks and clay mortar. There was a crossbar of wood in the chimney, eight feet from the hearth, from which was suspended a hook to hang the kettle on for cooking. Then he laid the puncheon floor of logs split in two and hewed. Next he replaced the blanket door with one made of boards, hung with wooden hinges, and fastened with a wooden latch on the inside. A string fastened to this latch, running through a hole above, made it possible to unlatch the door from the outside. At night the string was pulled in and the door was locked. Next, my father cut holes through the logs for board windows which were made to slide back and forth under cleats. Last of all he stopped the cracks between the logs with chinks and mud mortar and our house was done. It was finished none too soon.

On the 15th of August my brother, Edward, was born. There were five children born to my parents in that log house, making a family of ten children, five boys and five girls. My father made a large cradle, long enough for three of us to sit in and rock the baby, which we often did, singing with pride hymns that our mother taught us: "How doth the little busy bee," "Though I am young, a little one,"

"Kind words can never die," "Stored in the breast," and "Now I lay me down to sleep."

My father was a very successful hunter and kept our table, which he made, well supplied with game. The woods abounded with deer, bear, raccoon, opossum, squirrels, rabbits, turkeys, quails, partridges⁵, and pidgions⁶.

We dressed, stuffed and baked the 'possum as we do a pig now. The 'coon we hung before the fire to roast, as we did spareribs. Squirrels, partridges, pidgions and quails were cooked as we now do chickens, in making chicken pie or broth with dumplings. I have caught as many as twelve quails at one time with a sap trough turned bottom side up, set with a "figure four,"⁷ baited with wheat. My father caught pidgions with a large net set with a spring. He baited this with straw and wheat spread thin on the ground, while he sat in a little tent of brush so that they could not see him, holding one end of the rope which sprung the net. He would catch sometimes as high as sixty or seventy at one swoop of the net.

At two different times he killed two deer at one shot. One Christmas day, he and two of his neighbors, Gad and John Hollenbeck, went out to hunt for bear. They soon found the tracks of four which they followed several miles. After a time one took a different direction, but the other three kept together till they reached a large tree, the top of which was hollow. (My father afterward showed me the tree; it was on the farm now owned by Charles Kent in Streetsboro.) The Hollenbecks were provided with dogs and axes. My father was the only one who had a gun. They cut the tree down and, when it fell, the top was broken to splinters. My father shot one of the bears on the run. The other men and the dogs attacked the others and in ten minutes' time all three of the bears were dispatched.

Another time my father was alone with a small dog which he brought from Connecticut. The dog run a large bear up a tree. When my father came in sight, the bear let go his hold and dropped to the ground. The little dog ran after him, catching him by the hind leg, and run him up another tree. My father this time crept along carefully behind a large tree so that the bear could not see him until he got in range with his gun; then he fetched him to the ground, dead.

At another time when out with the same dog, he came across a bear track. The dog ran the bear onto the ice; the dog was not

able to grapple with the bear, but would run behind and bite his legs, and jump back when the bear threw himself over to catch him. When my father came in sight, the dog, in dodging, slipped on the ice and the bear, rolling over, caught him in his arms and put his teeth through the small of his back. My father fired at that instant, killing the bear. The dog could not walk and my father carried him five miles to his home. The little dog got well.

One day, when hunting 'coon, he followed a track to a large tree; he cut the tree, the top broke, and he and the dog caught three, and, while he was skinning them, the dog began to gnaw and bark at a crack in the tree just below the place where the coon's nest was. He took his ax and cut a hole in the tree and caught four more.

My father often found bee trees by dead bees on the snow under the trees. They stored their honey in the treetops that were hollow. He cut the trees to get the honey when it was so cold that the bees could not sting. One winter he got twelve hundred pounds of strained honey. He strained the honey by hanging it in a large linen strainer before the fire. When it was strained, he put the comb in a kettle of water and boiled it; then he dipped it in small quantities into a small apron bag, hanging it over the end of a board, and, leaning over on it with a rolling pin in his hand, pressed the beeswax with the water into a tub. Then, letting it stand until it got cold, it could be taken from the top of the water. The water was kept in a barrel for methiglin⁸. After a few days it made a very pleasant drink, but when it was fermented much it would make a man drunk.

My mother baked rye and Indian bread in a bake kettle set on coals of fire and with coals on the lid. Potatoes were baked in the ashes and eaten with salt. My father went to Cleveland that fall with an ox cart for a barrel of salt. He paid \$22.00 for it, took two days to go and two to get back. Wheat was then worth 25c a bushel so that it required 88 bushels of wheat to buy one barrel of salt. Butter was a very scarce article. Johnny cake was made of corn meal mixed with salt and water, baked on a board before the fire. Father made an oven of brick and clay mortar, set on posts two feet high. It was heated with nice dry wood, burnt almost to ashes, then cleaned with a shovel and broom. My mother's test for the degrees of heat necessary for baking was her hand and bare arm thrust into the oven. If she could hold it there until she could count thirty and no longer, it was all right.

My mother had a set of pewter plates and tumblers, also a pewter

teapot and platter. We young ones had wooden trenchers for meat and potatoes, and wooden bowls for mush and milk. When we came around the table, spread with so many luxuries, we did not forget the giver of every good and perfect gift; we all stood at our places while our father, or in his absence our mother, asked a blessing. My father uniformly used this expression in asking a blessing: "God be merciful to us and bless us and the food before us, and cause Thy face to shine upon us, for Christ's sake." At the close of each meal, we stood up while one of them returned thanks.

Every morning and evening we gathered around the family altar; a chapter was read, all who were old enough taking turns, each reading two verses. Sunday morning we sang a hymn, also. I will repeat the first line of some of these hymns: "What shall I render to my God," "Another six days' work is done," "This is the day the Lord hath made," "Welcome, sweet day of rest," "Safely through another week," etc. My father and mother were good singers for those days and helped us so that we could sing every part in the family, and they had the pleasure of seeing and hearing us all (except my oldest brother) sing in the old church that was dedicated March 1st, 1820, and stood where the Town Hall now stands.

When I was six years old, I first went to school. My teacher was Miss Lydia Rice. The school was held in a little log bedroom built on the South end of my Uncle Gideon Case's log house, which stood directly North of where the Grange Hall now stands in Darrowville. I distinctly remember the number of scholars in that school, which was twenty-two; also their names and the families they represented and who they married. My Uncle Gideon Case sent six scholars as follows: Nelson, who died at about twenty-one unmarried; Matilda, who married Hayes Mills; Jerry, who married Sarah Cobb; Alma, who married George Dodge; Elizur who died when about thirteen; and Fidelia who died when about eleven. Nelson, Elizur, Fidelia, and my sister Laura all died in the Fall of 1825 of typhus fever⁹.

Then my father, Chauncey Case, sent five children as follows: Laura, who did not marry and died at twenty-one; Chauncey, who married Dolly Blair¹⁰; Clarinda, who married Alvin Loomis; Parintha, who married Amos E. Wood; and Lora, who married Sarah A. Wright. And Moses Miller sent three children as follows: Emily, who married Henry Wright; Ransley [or Rawley] who married Abby Darrow; Tirza, who married Mr. Van Hining.

The children of Gideon Case, Chauncey Case, and Moses Miller were own cousins, and, with their parents, came from Granby, Connecticut, about the same time. The rest of the scholars were also own cousins, four of them being children of George Darrow and the other four the children of Joseph Darrow.

The children sent by George Darrow were as follows: Eliza, who married Seth Fifield; David, who married Chloe Havens (or Haydens); Amanda, who married David O'Brien; Charlotte, who married Homer Oviatt. And the children which Joseph Darrow sent were: Polly, who married John Walker; Lyman, who married Ann Walker; Abby, who married Ransley Miller; Sophia, who married Hiel Danforth.

I also recollect distinctly my first two reading lessons in Webster's spelling book. The first was:

No man may put off the law of God,
My joy is in Him all the day.

and the second was:

Education forms the human mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.

The last school I ever attended was when I was thirteen years old. It was held in a log bedroom built on the South end of a log house belonging to my wife's uncle, Joseph Kingsbury, which stood on the farm now owned by Orson Cook in Hudson. The C. & P. R. R. now runs through the cellar of the old house¹¹. Strong Sanford was the teacher.

The last piece I learned to speak in school was spoken there. It was on slavery and is still fresh in my mind. It begins as follows:

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, thou art a bitter draught. Though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public and private adore; whose taste is grateful and ever will be until nature herself shall change. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than the monarch from whose court he is exiled, &c.¹²

In 1824 my sister, Laura, taught school in a log school house in the woods where Erastus Croy now lives. One afternoon there was the appearance of a heavy storm. She dismissed the school and started for home with me. We got as far as Gad Hollenbeck's, now O. Cook's farm, and went in to get out of the storm. Many large

trees were blown down and one large tree fell on the log school house, but did not break it down so as to prevent school going on the next day, and no one was hurt.

My oldest sister, Laura, taught the first school in Streetsboro in 1824. My next oldest sister, Clarinda, taught the second school in Streetsboro in 1826, and my third sister, Parintha, taught the third school in Streetsboro in 1827. The schools were in different parts of the town in log houses built in the woods. The salary was one dollar a week, and the parents had to pay the bill according to the number of children they sent. Some were too poor to pay money. I have a cherry chest that my sister Laura took of John Tucker for part payment of his bill for the first school taught in Streetsboro, and I knew her to take a yearling heifer of Joseph Kingsbury and let my father have it. For the first school, she taught in Hudson in the school house that the tree fell on.

In December 1825 Laura died of the typhus fever, and was buried in the old cemetery between Chapel Street and Baldwin Street. In 1828 Clarinda was married, which made one funeral and one wedding in that old log house, in Lot 17.

Before Laura's death, my father took the job of making two-and-one-half miles of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh turnpike, commencing at the northwest corner of the town and running through the locality which now requires three names to identify it — Streetsboro corners, Jesse and Moran.

There was no road nor clearing on that road in Streetsboro then and the only building one my father put up at Streetsboro corners to live in while doing the work. The frame was of posts set in the ground, the siding of slabs fastened on with wooden pins, and the roof and floor were of slabs. The men slept on ticks filled with straw, laid on the floor, and a little room was partitioned off for my sister, Clarinda, who cooked for the men and taught school in the same house. She had eight scholars, three of her younger brothers and one sister, and four of Daniel Johnson's children who lived in Hudson Township.

That Spring I plowed and fitted the ground with an ox team for all the crops on my father's farm and sowed the oats. I was fourteen years old. In the Fall and Winter I helped clear the road for the turnpike. The next Spring my father made sugar in Streetsboro. Two miles from the slab shanty, he would gather the sap and leave me to boil it down. One night it was ten o'clock when I got through

boiling it. It was very dark; my only guide through the dense forest was blazed trees. I made a torch of hickory bark and started with my dog, Bose, for the slab shanty. I had not gone more than sixty rods before there was a fearful howl of wolves in the path before me, which was answered by another pack in the rear. I looked to my dog for protection, but he was as badly frightened as I was. I swung my torch and we both ran for dear life. When we reached the shanty I could not find words to express myself when my friends asked what had kept me so late and scared me so badly.

My father finished that job that year and took another of a mile-and-a-half in the Southeast part of the township. I did the principal work at home while he was on that strip of road, except haying and harvesting.

I often drew logs to the Falls and Kent with an ox team, starting before daylight. One day I made two trips to Kent with an ox team, coming back through the woods in the dark. When I went through a tamarack swamp which was a harbor for wolves, I got on the neap¹³ of the sled between the oxen, thinking it would be safer there.

One day in the summer my father helped me load a large white-wood log, four feet through, on a new pair of trucks, with two yoke of oxen. I took it to the Falls in safety but was the observed of all observers. A log of that size on a wagon was a sight never seen in this part of the country before.

When I was sixteen, I commenced training in the Light Infantry Company (not one of that company now living but myself). My father gave me cider to buy my training suit. He helped me load seven barrels in a wagon, with an ox team, of course, and, taking an ax to cut off brush if necessary, I started for Kent, then known as Franklin Mills. When my journey was half accomplished, one of the hind wheels of my wagon came off. I was in the thick woods, far from help.

My first thought was to unload the barrels which would not be very hard, but to load them again alone would be another thing. Yankee wit came to my aid. I cut a long lever with my ax, put one end under the axletree with a block under the lever to pry across and then raised the axletree; then hung the heavy wheel on the lever to hold it down while I blocked up the axletree and finally succeeded in getting the wheel in its place. I made a wooden lynch pin to hold it on, and once more started on my way rejoicing. I watched the wheel closely, got my cider to market safely and traded

it for blue broadcloth, which, trimmed with many rows of white tape, made a gorgeous swallow-tail coat. The pants were white linen of home manufacture.

In 1833 my father began the house now standing on the old homestead. He made the brick, and I helped carry them from the table where they were molded to the yard, and then to the kiln; and helped cut and draw the wood to burn them. I slacked the lime and sifted it and the sand with a small hand sieve, made and carried the mortar, and my two younger brothers, Lucian and Henry, carried the brick for three masons to build the walls which were two stories high. I made the mortar and carried it for two masons to plaster every room in the house. It was finished in the Fall of 1833¹⁴.

In 1835 and '36 I helped my father build a dam at Lake Pipin as a reservoir for the Pennsylvania and Ohio canal, which was finished in the winter of 1836-37. This was the last work that I did for my father.

While out sleighriding with Sarah Ann Wright in the winter 1835, the courtship which resulted in our marriage began. She wore a plain shawl and a calico dress of her own make, the colors were red and brown, her bonnet was of the same kind of cloth and also of her own making, with paper board for stiffening. Although we had lived within a mile of each other as neighbors more than twenty years, and I had often seen her at church, yet I had never visited her, walked with her, or waited on her, or seen her at any party but once up to this time.

My visits or courting after that, until three weeks before we were married, was in her father's double log house. Then her father married his second wife and she went to live with her uncle, John Hollenbeck, where we were married on the 10th of May, 1837. In the month before, she rode horseback behind me to see the tamarack log house I had built for our home in Streetsboro; there we began housekeeping May 15th, 1837. The marriage dowry consisted of two feather beds which my wife picked from the geese herself, an iron teakettle, a small iron pot, a spider and a few dishes which my wife's father brought to us on his horse in a basket. My father gave me five dollars to make the first payment on my farm, and a cow. My brothers, Lucian and Henry, helped me log the first ten acres of my farm.

With such gifts and help, which were a generous offering for those days, we began our married life, and right here I would say

that she proved to be a great blessing such as Solomon referred to when he said, "A prudent wife is from the Lord." My health was very good and that, with a prize far above rubies (a good wife), was a fortune to me. And in our united efforts, with God's blessing, we helped each other in the comforts and enjoyments of life so as to carry its cheering rays with us when called to look on the dark side of life.

In those days we had to make an extra effort to keep up with the fashion of going to church in an ox-cart or sled or stoneboat. None but those who have had an opportunity of riding in that fashion know how to appreciate it. We were never better satisfied or felt as well paid in our efforts to go to church in any easy fashionable carriage or sleigh with bells as we did in our homely way of riding to church.

We inherited an interest in the underground railroad at that time with the privilege of running a passenger train from our log cabin depot to the next station. It was a rare thing that a passenger attempted it or got through on our road. The peril they were in, and we in helping them, required the greatest secrecy and care to keep the track clear so as to carry them through safe.

If anyone wishes to know the perils and danger there was on that road, I would refer them to Mrs. H. B. Stowe's description of it in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which was being published in weekly instalments at that time by Gamaliel Bailey in Washington in a paper called the *National Era*¹⁵. Mr. Bailey was mobbed and his press destroyed in Cincinnati before he went to Washington, and they threatened him while publishing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

In 1850 Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Law not only forbidding us to carry passengers on our train to freedom but also requiring us under a heavy penalty to assist Uncle Sam in carrying Uncle Tom back to slavery. That led some of us to double our diligence to get and help passengers through on our train and, with the help of God, we more than doubled the passenger traffic on the underground railroad.

There were but three voters — David Lane, Tyler Wing and myself, — in Streetsboro, that worked as section hands to keep that road in repair, and our prayers went with our votes to the ballot box; and on special occasions we met for prayer that God would help us to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with our God. The churches and ministers were opposed to that road and, to maintain their integrity,

would refer us to God's law as a perfect rule for their objections. There was but one paper in the United States that took any stock in that road, and that was *The Liberator*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison, and the good people of Boston by the Rock of Plymouth, in showing their respect for him and his paper, led him through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck in a menacing way¹⁶ that would reverse the saying of Patrick Henry, "Give me Liberty or give me Death." The churches, their ministers, and the press of the nation were either silent or openly acquiesced in it. I heard him say after slavery was abolished, that he rejoiced in that, and all such persecutions which he had passed through, knowing that one in a minority with God was greater than the world's majority¹⁷.

In July 1859 Wm. Folger started from his depot in Ravenna with *seven* passengers, instead of one, the usual number, aboard his train headed for the next station, which was my log cabin in Streetsboro. They arrived safely Friday at midnight with a cautionary signal that Uncle Sam with the Fugitive Slave Law was on track and to avoid a collision. I waited until Sunday P.M., then I started with them on my train for John Markilie's station in Hudson¹⁸ and saw them aboard his train for Johnson's depot in Northfield. Johnson's train carried them safe to Cleveland and from there they went on a boat safe to freedom.

II

The Founding of Hudson

In the year of 1799, David Hudson¹ with a company of men came from Goshen, Connecticut, to Cleveland, Ohio, and from there up the Cuyahoga River to Boston, [thence to] the Southwest corner of the township which afterwards received the name of Hudson in his honor, where they built a temporary bark shelter to live in until such time as they could build a substantial log house.

While Hudson was surveying the town which he and Birdseye Norton & Co. had bought of the State of Connecticut, the other men chopped and cleared about ten acres for wheat in the Fall, and collected firewood for heat in the Fall. The season was so wet that they had to pull the brush from the heaps and put them on the fire to burn them. They sowed one acre to turnips, which was the first crop ever raised in the township by white men.

When he got through surveying in the Fall, he with his men went to the center of the town and built a log house for his family, on or very near the place where his granddaughter Mrs. Gregory's house now stands². He then started for Connecticut to get his family to come and occupy that log house with him. He found them all well and on the first day of January, 1800, started for Hudson with his wife and six children—Samuel, Ira, William, Timothy, Milo, and Abigail. They did not get to Hudson until May.

One of his first efforts was to have the Sabbath observed as a day of rest, as he also did with his little colony while surveying the town.

The first frame building in Hudson was a barn built by David Hudson a few rods north of his log house. He hauled the logs away to be sawed into boards and hewed the timbers for the barn, and the barn was built almost entirely of *black walnut!*

The first frame dwelling house in the town was also built by Esq. Hudson, as he was generally called, and is still standing and is the house in which his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Henry Lee, with her husband and family, now resides³. This was built before I came to Hudson in 1814, and was built at that place on account of the excellent spring of living water there. When the house was nearly completed, he with his family went to the new house to sleep one night and during the night the old log house caught fire and burned

down with nearly all of their household goods and clothing. In this [frame] house he lived the remainder of his life.

In the old log house the first white child in Hudson and perhaps in the Western Reserve was born, Anner Maria, who married Harvey Baldwin, and lived on the old farm all her life, with the exception of a year or two immediately after her marriage when she lived on what is now Earl Johnson's farm. When she was born, Hudson was in Trumbull County; when she married it was in Portage County; and when she died it was in Summit County⁴.

In this log house, also, the first election in the town was held, being for the organization of the township, and election of township officers, on April 5th, 1802. Warren was the county seat then, as it is now, of Trumbull County, and the authorities there gave the citizens here their choice of names for the township. They chose "Hudson," the name of the first settler, although what is now called Stow, Boston, Twinsburg, Aurora, Mantua, and Hudson were all included in that election district. The report shows that there was less than twenty-five votes cast at that election, but it is said to be the largest vote of any town on the Reserve at that time. What is now Streetsboro had not an inhabitant at that time.

The township was organized by the election of the following officers: Thaddius Lacy, Township Clerk; Heman Oviatt, Ebenezer Sheldon and Abraham Thompson, Trustees; Elias Harmon and Samuel Bishop, Poor Masters; Aaron Norton, John Oviatt and Jotham Atwater, Fence Viewers; Joel Gaylord and Elias Harmon, Appraisers of Houses; George Kilbourn, Moses Pond, and Moses Thompson, Supervisors of Highways; Ebenezer Lister, Aaron Norton, and Rufus Edwards, Constables; David Hudson, Esq. (whose official title was given him by St. Clair, the Governor of Ohio in 1801) was Chairman and Judge.

The following is reported to be a complete list of all who cast a vote at the election: D. Hudson, J. Darrow, G. Darrow, Dr. Thompson, T. Lacy, W. McKinley, A. Norton, H. Oviatt, E. Sheldon of Aurora, E. Nobles, S. Bishop, J. Gaylord, A. Thompson, Dea. S. Thompson, R. Walker of Stow, Elias Harmon of Mantua, Jotham Atwater, Moses Pond, Rufus Edwards, George Kilbourn. The business of election days, in those times, was generally opened with prayer.

One of those who came with David Hudson in 1799 was Dr. Thompson⁵. Being anxious to keep Dr. Thompson in his colony, Squire

Hudson offered him fifty dollars worth of medicine if he would settle in the town. This liberal offer was accepted and Moses Thompson's services as a physician were in demand far and near. And, when his stock of medicines was exhausted in 1801, he walked back to Goshen, Connecticut, six hundred and fifty miles, carrying his provisions with him in a knapsack and accomplished the whole distance in eleven-and-a-half days. Before going to Connecticut, he selected four farms, one each for himself, his father, Stephen, and his brothers Abraham and Stephen, Jr., and back to these farms he piloted his father and brothers, where they lived the remainder of their lives.

The return trip to Hudson was with horses and wagons and they were six weeks on the road and, when they got here, there was no roof to protect them from the weather, so they turned up their wagon boxes so as to make a shelter and here, in the year 1801, Squire Hudson with his little colony gave the Thompson Colony a hearty welcome. The Sunday following, the colonists met under that wagon box shelter and worshiped God, and mingled in brotherly love, and history says that no Sunday has passed since that day without religious services in Hudson.

III

The First Church

Those two old pioneers, David Hudson and Moses Thompson, by their united efforts organized the first Congregational church in Hudson. Eleven others joined with them, and, on September 4, 1802, the church was formally organized by Rev. Joseph Badger. Squire Hudson and Stephen Thompson were elected deacons, and the first names on the roll of membership were Stephen Thompson and Mary, his wife; the next was David Hudson; the next Abraham Thompson and Susanna, his wife; then came Stephen Thompson, Jr., and his wife, Abigail; the next George Kilbourn and Almira, his wife; and Heman Oviatt and his wife, Eunice; Amos Lusk; and Hannah Lindley. I remember all of the thirteen except Amos Lusk and Eunice Oviatt.

It is, perhaps, interesting to note here that I have personally seen and known representatives of six generations of the Thompson family in the male line. The first with whom I was acquainted was Deacon Stephen Thompson, who was the father of Dr. Moses Thompson, whose son was Judge Sylvester Thompson, next S. P. Thompson, then Fred Thompson and his son, Carroll.

The first "meeting house" was a little log structure built in 1801 on a corner of what is now the park, Southeast of where the store of C. H. Buss now stands¹. In this building I first went to church and Sunday school and my first Sunday school teacher was John Brown whose body lies mouldering in the grave but whose soul still goes marching on. My first Sunday school lesson was the last chapter of Ephesians, which I would commend to children of the present. It was committed to memory and repeated. For this I received as a prize the Assembly Catechism². That log school house was occupied by the church as a meeting house until they built a church where the Town Hall now stands. I was present when that house was dedicated March 1, 1820.

The first church built in Hudson was the first church on the Western Reserve that had a belfry and a bell. In 1820 a framed building was put up on the spot now occupied by the Town Hall, and my father helped to get the timber for it. Dr. Moses Thompson, although not a church member but a professed infidel, was on the building committee and was one of the most active in forwarding the work. When it was completed, he took a load of cheese with his

horses and wagon to Pittsburgh and, with the proceeds of the cheese, bought the first church bell ever rung on the Western Reserve. The night he reached home his boys, Mills, Sylvester, and Virgil, propped the bell up on the wagon and rung it at home and all the way to church the next morning. This bell did service for about twenty years, when it cracked and became useless. I do not know what did become of it finally³.

Sometimes we all walked to church with our father and mother; sometimes we rode in an ox-cart, sled, or lumber wagon. No spring-seat buggies or covered carriages were seen in those days.

When we had to stay home with our mother, she would have all of us that could read take our testaments and sit by her and read a chapter and then sing a hymn and pray with us, then take the Assembly's Catechism and go through it, having or helping us to repeat every answer, then [she would] repeat to us some very nice little hymns, many of which I can even now repeat.

It was the opinion of Christians in those days that they could keep comfortably warm in a house dedicated to God without the aid of a stove or furnace. In extremely cold weather some of the old women brought a little tin foot stove with a little tin box filled with hot coals to put their feet on. In summer, boys from six to ten years old often went to meeting barefooted; their fathers wore coarse shoes and socks.

My sisters spun, I quilled⁴ sometimes, and my mother wove the wool and linen for our winter and summer clothes. The woolen cloth was taken to the factory to be colored, fulled, and pressed for the men. The women colored their own for their slips, and made them and our pants and vests, and our coats after they were cut. I have a small twilled towel made from flax my father raised, my sisters spun, I quilled, and my mother wove. We dipped the fine linen in weak lye and spread it on the grass in the sun to bleach it for the slips and shirts which they made for us to wear to church and in company. As unbleached cotton three-quarters yard wide cost fifty cents, calico, seventy-five cents, and fulled cloth such as we made at home cost three dollars a yard, it will be seen that homespun was a very necessary economy in those days.

We boys helped braid the straw for the women to sew for our summer hats and our sisters'; and for winter hats my mother cut red and brown pieces of woolen and sewed them together with a little

tassel on top with three or four pieces of the same color notched. We sometimes wore buckskin pants to church, tanned by my father. They were nice and soft; I have seen a deacon wear them to church.

Wm. Hanford⁵ was the first settled minister in Hudson, and was pastor of the church from 1815 to 1831. I have heard him preach a great many times. In the closing prayer of his service, he often made this petition, "If anything has been said that is not in accordance with Thy divine will, may it be like water spilt on the ground, that cannot be gathered up, but, if pleasing to God, like good seed sown on good ground." The great aim of his prayers and sermons seemed to be to impress upon his hearers the importance of keeping the golden rule near their hearts so as to measure correctly all of their actions so that they might do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.

A young minister by the name of Joseph Peapoon came into the South part of the town in 1825 and stayed with us overnight. The custom then was to have evening prayer meetings in private houses and school houses. We got him to take the lead of a meeting in our school house, and he made it so interesting that we ask[ed] him to stay and go with us to our neighbors' prayer meetings. He did so and it was so evident that he was working with God, and that God was working through him, that they [told] Mr. Hanford that, if agreeable to him, they would like to have him invite him to preach the next Sabbath. He replied that he did not think it prudent, as Mr. Peapoon was a stranger without recommendations, and that he could not grant their request. Mr. Peapoon stayed with us in our meetings and took the lead and they became so interesting that Deacon Kilbourn and his father said to Mr. Hanford, "The Lord is working with Mr. Peapoon in our meetings." Mr. Hanford did not look upon it favorably; they then asked him to come and see for himself. With some reluctance, he went as a spectator. The house was full and Mr. Hanford was silent until the close of the meeting and then he said, "I am forced to say that 'the Lord is in this place and I knew it not.'" He then gave his support to the carrying on of the meetings, and the interest became general throughout the town and many were converted.

Deacon Stephen Thompson was a hard-working farmer and had to be very economical to make ends meet and pay the help he needed to clear up and improve his farm. He uniformly asked a

blessing at the table and had family devotions after breakfast. One morning when a Mr. Cackler was working for him it would seem that the family ate very quick or Mr. Cackler ate very slow, for the family, after finishing their meal, commenced their devotions before Mr. Cackler had finished his meal. Cackler laid down his knife and fork until they finished their morning prayer; then he says, "Deacon, I think your prayers are very good but I like your pork and beans better," then deliberately finished his meal⁶.

At that time there was a strong prejudice against the Methodist Episcopal church and the Deacon's prejudice was so great that he would not go to hear a Methodist preach knowingly. There was then a very good, exemplary Christian Methodist minister who occasionally preached in Hudson. One Sunday, when their minister was absent, the Congregationalists invited him to preach in their church. His text was the parable of the ten virgins, one of the Deacon's favorite topics, showing the wisdom of the Christians' choice and the folly of the sinners' choice. The Deacon was there and listened very attentively, not knowing the preacher was a Methodist. At the close of the sermon someone asked the Deacon how he liked the sermon; he said it was one of the best sermons he ever heard.

The Presbyterians and Methodists did not harmonize at that time on the doctrine of saints' perseverance⁷. Sometime after, the Deacon asked the Methodist minister what he thought of saints' perseverance. His only reply was made in a very pleasant way, "Deacon, I believe that all who persevere to the end will be saved," thus not leaving any ground for an argument between them on the subject.

Deacon Benj. Whedon was the third deacon of the church. When they had deacons' meetings he frequently read a sermon and led in prayer and uniformly used this expression to begin with, "Help us, Lord, in our efforts this morning to get that wisdom and understanding we need to worship Thee so as not to rush into Thy presence like the horse or mule which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with a bit and bridle lest they come near unto Thee." He was a very exemplary Christian, and seemed to rule his own spirit and to keep his mouth with a bridle while the wicked were before him.

His wife was not gifted with as good control of her tongue, and in one instance at least she and their adopted son prevented the deacon from ruling his own house as a deacon should do according to the established rules of church discipline, which prohibited church

members from having fiddlers or dancers in their houses. So, without the knowledge or consent of the deacon, a ball was given in the deacon's house which is the one now owned and occupied by Charles Farwell⁸. An old man who was apt in odd expressions after learning of the fact wrote the following couplet:

A meeting in the meeting house
And a dance in the Deacon's house

Soon after the appearance of these lines the church struck his name from their record although he had had nothing to do with the dance, did not know of it until it was over, and had been a good, exemplary deacon for fifteen years⁹.

Capt. Oviatt and John Hutchinson were members of the same church and they sat near each other and their seats were not often vacant on Sunday. Oviatt was better at looking after his pecuniary interests than he was at keeping awake while listening to a sermon and would sometimes breathe so hard as to annoy Mr. Hutchinson. One day after service, Hutchinson asked Oviatt, "Is there not interest enough in the sermon and in the salvation of your soul and those around you to keep you awake?" He [Oviatt] said he made a great effort to keep awake, but sleep would overcome him in spite of all he could do. Hutchinson's retort was, "Would not the dropping of a quarter on the floor overcome your sleepiness?"

John Hutchinson himself would be wide awake listening to the sermon, with his head leaning forward, not looking at the minister or anyone in the church. One of his friends, observing this, asked him if there was not enough interest in the minister's address and sermon to attract his attention. His reply was that he came to hear the gospel, not to look at the minister or anything that would divert his mind from it.

Capt. Holcomb was a Methodist; they had suspended him for backsliding. As he was passing Baldwin's store one day, Capt. Oviatt who was talking with others on the platform cried out, "Capt. Holcomb, what do they do with these backsliding Methodists?" Holcomb turned around and, leaning on his staff, says in reply, "Oh, they make first-rate Presbyterians." As Oviatt was a Presbyterian no one was left to guess who was hit by the thrust especially as there was some query as to whether he had on the whole armor of God.

One day Holcomb and father Hutchinson were expressing their views on employments and enjoyments of life. Capt. Holcomb

thought every necessary effort for life, health, and comfort was so burdensome that there was but little rest or comfort in them: "Every effort you make for your comfort is liable to a failure; anything you need is liable to get out of joint; you have not even a tooth in your head that is not liable to and often does give you more pain than comfort." Hutchinson took the opposite view of it. He thought it was the misuse and abuse of the laws of God that deprive us of a great majority of life's blessing[s] and makes life burdensome; if we would take the right view of it and make right use of our blessings, we would find it so. He did not think anything in our creation could be added for our comfort unless we had been made with a chair to sit down on when we got tired.

IV

The Pioneer Mothers

In the frontier days of Hudson the good old pioneer mothers had as great, if not greater burdens to bear than our fathers, and, perhaps because their work was more obscure than that of the men, they did not often get the credit for the bravery, patience, and good cheer which they exhibited in those days of danger and privation. I wish mothers in these modern times could see and get a pleasant and practical view of the good, old-fashioned, friendly way they had and enjoyed in visiting their neighbors, going to neighborhood mothers' prayer meetings, and to church.

Winter evenings they took their children with them, their babe in their arms. Their ride was on an ox-sled; their seats were on the straw in the box; the robes which they wrapped themselves in were quilts taken from their beds, of their own make, linen on one side and woolen on the other and filled with woolen batting carded by hand at home, all quilted together, and their wearing apparel was homespun.

Equal efforts were made to go to church and to prayer meetings. There seems to have been great effort made to get some new mode of doing our work and especially in trying to excel in the mode of religious worship. In the first no one will question that there have been very great improvements, but can we say as much for the worship of Him who said He was meek and lowly, etc.? Has our modern mode of worship made any improvement; does it correspond with Christ's example or the apostles' teachings?

Here let me give you a sketch of my childhood recollections of the first organized prayer meeting in Hudson by the old pioneer mothers; and see if the modern changes have made any improvement. During the pastorate of Rev. Wm. Hanford, who was the first settled minister in this township, a monthly prayer meeting for the female members of the church was organized by setting apart the fourth meeting of every month for maternal meeting, at which the burden of prayer was for the conversion of the children of the church.

Once in three months the children (I was one of them) came to the meeting prepared to repeat scriptures and hymns. At that meeting the pastor was present and "took the lead." It was evident that the true spirit of prayer pervaded those meetings from the great effort

some of the mothers made to be present. My mother often walked with me to those meetings which were two miles from our home. Mrs. Dr. Metcalf who lived where Dr. W. I. Chamberlain now lives, walked to these meetings. Mrs. Dr. Thompson whose home was two miles away was one of the faithful members.

Mrs. Hanford, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. H. Baldwin, Mrs. Dr. Town, Mrs. A. Baldwin, Mrs. Judge Humphrey and others who lived nearer to the log school house church were faithful representatives of their profession of faith, and their fashions and style of dress corresponded with Peter's advice in 1st Peter, Chapter 3, first four verses.

My experience with women does not correspond with Solomon's expression. If I had lived in his day, with his experience, I might have said, as he did, that he had found but one good man among a thousand, but among that number of women he had not found one. If he told the truth, I think he did not show much respect for his mother or his wives or his female relatives. If he had lived in my day, with my experience in having and living with a good mother, a good wife, and a good daughter, I think he would say they were more perfect in ruling themselves and their own spirit than he was in ruling himself and his city Jerusalem. And that their efforts were equal if not greater than the men in upholding their ministers' work, as Aaron and Hur did the hands of Moses¹.

V

A Bridge, a Barn-Raising, and a Beaver Hat

There were two parties of the old settlers in Hudson; one was called the Hudson party, and the other the Gaylord¹ party. The Gaylord party were not inclined to have anything to do with the Hudson party not even in public improvements. Until 1803 there was no high bridge across the Cuyahoga river between Hudson and Ravenna; they crossed the river on the old Indian trail at the point which was called Standing Rock. Ravenna people sent word to Esq. Hudson that they would meet the people of Hudson on such a day with their teams to build a bridge at the narrows. This was where Brady jumped the river when the Indians were after him², and while they had to go up the river to Standing Rock to get across, Capt. Brady had time to get to the lake, which has since borne his name, and hide himself behind a large log under the water with a hollow reed in his mouth to breathe through. The Indians came and stood on that very log and looked across the lake trying to catch sight of him but did not find him. My father showed me the log on which they stood, once when we were passing that way. That strategy of Brady's caused the lake to receive his name.

Esquire Hudson notified the whole town and on the day set, the men with the Esquire at their head started with their teams for the place. When they got there, the Ravenna forces were already on the other side. They soon had the stringers, as they called them, cut and placed across the river, and cut the split logs to cover the bridge and finished it on the second day in time to go home, having camped out and lived, while doing the work, on provisions which they brought with them. I have been on and across that bridge many times. It was substantially made and served its purpose for many years and stood there until it rotted down about 1825.

When the party was ready to start for home, Esq. Hudson called his men together and surprised them by giving each one a dollar. When the Gaylord men who stayed at home heard of that³, they said it was "one of old Hudson's tricks." This I learned from Harvey Baldwin.

The first temperance lecture on total abstinence [sic] delivered in Hudson was by Theodore Wells in 1827. He said he had met with many objections by temperance professors who did not believe in total abstinence, but [were] in favor of moderate drinking. These

were the hardest people to convince. He would give one instance of that class, saying, "Perhaps it might help some one here tonight in making up their decision. A good old Deacon, after hearing my plea to sign the total abstinence pledge, rose from his seat and said he was a moderate drinker and believed in temperance but not in total abstinence; he was in favor of using it moderately for his health and strength and that he knew when he needed it and when to let it alone, and then sat down.

"An old man sat right behind the Deacon who was in the habit of getting drunk and had a little too much then to rise without some aid. He, clutching onto the back of the slip (as we used to call a pew), finally straightened up and leaned over to the Deacon and patted him on the shoulder saying, 'That's my mind exactly, Deacon'; then sat down. The Deacon made no reply, but made short work in separating himself from such company by signing the total abstinence pledge."

From the night of Mr. Wells' lecture Esq. Hudson was the foremost leader in the total abstinence work. Father Wright said to me that in conversation with Hudson after that night that [he, Hudson, said that] he came within one of filling a drunkard's grave and that his family physician advised him for his health to not break off at once, but gradually. His reply was, "Practice must go with precept; I will not drink a drop," and he used his influence every way he could to prevent its being used at the raising of buildings, which in those days were of heavy timbers put together and raised in bents. To encourage this he not only advised, but took his oxen and cart with his hired men and drove four miles to help raise the first barn ever raised in Hudson without liquor, Gerry Sanford's⁴.

The invitation was general, and there were liquor men and anti-liquor men present. We put the foundation and bents together quick and all showed a will in doing it; then, after a drink of good home-made beer, we placed ourselves ready to raise the bents. Then, the "boss," Roswell Gates, said, "All ready, gentlemen, pick it right up." Every man's hand was on the bent, but it did not move. The boss says, "What is the matter, gentlemen? Try again, now, all together; pick it right up," but it did not move. The boss had this time placed himself in a position so that he could see the men distinctly, and he saw many hands on top of the bent holding down while others were lifting, and he cries out, "Attention, men," and we all straightened up. Then he says, "Gentlemen, this is my job. I

agreed to put up this barn. If it was my barn, I would furnish whiskey for you, but it is not. Nevertheless, it is going up, whiskey or no whiskey. Now (with an oath), I want every man of you that were holding down instead of lifting up to leave at once, for this barn is going up. Nearly half of them left (they were of the Gaylord party) and went to playing ball near by, in sight of the farm. Then the barn went up very quick, and Esq. Hudson's advice was carried out in having a good warm supper after the raising, and an invitation was sent to the ball players for helping put the bents together, but they were not inclined to come.

I remember working for Mr. Hanford in the hayfield and that he followed the prevailing custom of furnishing whiskey to the hands in the hayfield. It was also on his table and the cellar was well supplied with cider. Before we were married my wife worked for Mrs. Hanford who, although an excellent woman, was somewhat penurious. One night [when] Mr. Hanford started to draw some cider, he made a misstep and fell headlong down the stairs into the cellar. Mrs. Hanford heard him fall and, rushing to the door, cried out, "Mr. Hanford, Mr. Hanford, have you broken the pitcher?" "No," he shouted back angrily, "but I will," and, suiting the action to the words, he dashed the pitcher with all his might onto the cellar bottom, breaking it into very small pieces.

Milton Lusk⁵ was a leading member of Mr. Hanford's church, and a superintendent of the Sunday School. Some sixty-eight years ago I had a talk with him on the temperance question. I said I thought the habit of drinking had become so strong with some that they could not break it. He interrupted me with, "They can't because they won't. I know, for I once had the habit and broke it." He went on and told me that one General Training Day he drank so much that he could not keep the middle of the road when going home. Judge Sylvester Thompson was captain of Lusk's company, which was also the company I was in. It was the custom for the captain of each company to furnish all the whiskey his company wanted to drink. It was then 25c per gallon. Lusk said, "I knew I was drunk and I wanted to get into the house and up to my bed without having my wife or my mother know my condition. This I succeeded in doing. We lived in a log house and I had to climb a ladder to reach my bed.

"In the morning I waked up with a terrible headache and I knew the cause of it. I got up and stole out of the house to my barn.

I had on my best clothes and a seven dollar beaver hat, which I had made myself, and as I walked the barn floor I took myself to task and finally, stopping in the middle of the floor, I took off my hat and said, 'Here is Milton Lusk, drunk—Milton Lusk, who has as good a mother as God ever made, a good wife and two noble boys. This thing shall never be again, so help me God.' I wanted to make an impression on something so I threw my seven dollar hat on the floor and stamped on it. Then I went to the hatter and my boss, John Hanford, brother of Wm. Hanford, pressed out my hat so that it was as good as new. I know a man can stop drinking, for I did."

VI

Western Reserve College and the Oberlin Controversy

Squire Hudson was the one chiefly instrumental in getting the Western Reserve College to locate here. The committee who were appointed to select a location had five places in view—Cleveland, Euclid, Burton, Aurora and Hudson, and, not being able to agree upon a location, they offered it to the highest bidder of the five places to settle the matter, and Esq. Hudson's liberal offer of \$2,142 with 160 acres of land, on a part of which the college was afterwards built, secured to Hudson Western Reserve College¹. This caused the Squire's lips to give expression to the warmth and joy in his heart by saying that it was a child of his old age which he never expected to see. Benjamin Whedon was appointed Treasurer, and David Hudson, Owen Brown (father of John Brown), and Heman Oviatt² were the building committee.

I helped my father, with an ox team, grade the grounds and haul lumber and materials for the college—enough to pay for one scholarship the benefit of which was received by John Case, now Deacon of the Congregational Church. I was present at the laying of the corner stone of the first building, which was afterward called Middle College³. The Masonic fraternity had charge of the ceremonies on that occasion. They formed in procession at the Congregational Church, which then stood where the Town Hall now stands, and marched in Masonic order to the Northeast corner of the foundation walls. Here a large sandstone, about three feet each way, lay upon the wall with a cavity cut in one side large enough, perhaps, to hold two quarts. Into this hole the Masons, with Augustus Baldwin, David Hudson, Heman Oviatt and Dr. Israel Town at their head, placed some manuscript documents and a few coins, and then turned it over to the proper position at the corner. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the Masons marched back to the church where an address was delivered.

The first president of the College was Charles B. Storrs⁴. He was a strong Abolitionist. I have heard him pray and preach many times and in his prayer he seemed to have hold of the arm of God with Christ at his side leading him from earth to heaven. Profs. Wright, Nutting, and Green⁵ were also strong anti-slavery men. They and Pres. Storrs finally left the college on account of the strong

opposition of the trustees on this account, and because they allowed the slavery question to be discussed by the students.

While Storrs was president one of the students, Philo Wright⁶ by name, who was a strong anti-slavery man, was courting a daughter of "Priest" Coe⁷. Coe was a pro-slavery man and objected to his courtship unless he would renounce his anti-slavery views. Pres. Storrs learned the facts and recorded it in his diary with the prayer that God would help the young man to resist the temptation to renounce his anti-slavery views. This part I learned from Pres. Pierce, who had the diary in his possession. Young Wright did remain loyal to his convictions and married the minister's daughter notwithstanding.

I think it was about this time that Arthur Tappan⁸ offered to give quite a sum to help endow our college if they would be liberal on the anti-slavery question, i.e. liberal to the anti-slavery element, and admit females on equal terms with males, and appoint Charles Finney⁹ as one of its professors. The students of Lane Seminary of Cincinnati, which had just been suspended, proposed to come to Hudson if they were allowed to express their opinion in the slavery question. But the trustees refused to accept either offer under those conditions. Tappan gave to Oberlin College the sum he had offered Western Reserve. And in his honor stands Tappan Hall today. The students from Lane Seminary also went to Oberlin.

The gift of Tappan to Oberlin raised strong opposition to that College by Western Reserve College and by the Congregational Church here, with its minister. And when Heman Oviatt, who had been so prominent in getting Western Reserve College started, gave ten thousand dollars to Oberlin, the church brought Dawes¹⁰, one of their members, to trial on the charge of false representation to Oviatt, thereby inducing him to make this gift. The church got Sheldon, a prominent minister whose sympathy was with the church and its action in this matter against Dawes, to help them sustain their charge against her. Dawes got Finney of Oberlin to defend him against the charge. The church were unable to prove their accusation and it resulted in a division in the church; the majority, with the minister, decided to refuse to let Finney, or any minister in favor of Oberlin College, preach in their church. The trial caused a great excitement in the town, for it was a public trial.

Dawes, Deacon Kilbourn¹¹, Owen Brown and others who left the church invited President Mahan¹² to hold a series of meetings in the Methodist Church and, this body uniting with them in carrying

on their meetings, they so forcibly represented the religion of Jesus Christ in doing as you would be done by, that many were led to join their band. Charles Pierce, a son of President Pierce¹³, was one of that number.

There were at this time a number of anti-slavery students in the College, but only a few of them felt free to express their opinions, for in doing so they had to meet persecution in many forms and from all classes of people and various weapons. One of these students, Bigalow¹⁴ by name, and a most devoted Christian, very often attended our neighborhood prayer meetings held in different parts of the town, frequently in dwelling houses, and, by his presence, prayers, and exhortation made them very pleasant and interesting. He frequently gave anti-slavery lectures, both here and in other towns.

At one of these meetings in Aurora a mob gathered around the house to tar and feather him when he came out and, when he began to speak, they crowded into the house and with oaths and threats made such a noise that he could not be heard; so he said to them that he would close the meeting with prayer. When he commenced praying they went out to liquor up, so as to apply the tar and feathers when he came out. After he finished his prayer, he stepped to the door where two ladies, one on each side, walked arm-in-arm with him a short distance to a dwelling house, while the mob stood looking on.

After liquoring up again so as to lose responsibility for their actions, one Col. Cadwalader Crawford took the lead of the mob and surrounded the house. The tar and feathers were all ready, and they determined to break in and take him out. He was notified of their designs while they were laying their plans and by stealth escaped from the house. After his escape one Samuel A. Lane¹⁵, who now lives in Akron, but who was one of the crowd then, nailed a board on a post at the fork of the road that leads to Hudson with a picture of a great Negro leaning with his hand pointing towards Hudson, with these words proceeding from his mouth, "Dis be de rode to Husson."

At one time when Bigalow was expressing his views on slavery before the students, one of them struck him across the mouth with an iron rod, knocking in several of his teeth; it was a very serious wound but he made no attempt to defend himself for he was a "non-resistant." But the worst feature of the affair was the fact

that a large portion of the college and town, including a very prominent doctor, said they did not blame the student who struck the blow, and the minister and a large part of the church took their Bibles to show that the anti-slavery student's views did not harmonize with God's law or Paul's doctrine, just as many do now to show that God's law and Paul's epistle do not condemn the Liquor Traffic.

Bigelow's friends knew that that student was laying his plans to injure him and cautioned him to keep out of his reach but he did not avoid him, but rather sought opportunity to meet him, and did frequently, and in a kind way talked to him, especially on the evil effects of slavery which the young man had been led by professed Christians to believe was Bible doctrine. The young student at first threatened him but finally was overcome by his kindly way of reproof and became his warmest friend and joined with him in his efforts to abolish slavery.

Some time later, when Pierce was president, the graduating class invited Frederick Douglass¹⁶ to deliver the address. The trustees, the president, and faculty objected to their selection and referred the matter back to the class with their objections and asked them to reconsider their action. At this second vote, Fred Douglass was unanimously chosen to give the address.

This I learned from Caleb Pitkin¹⁷ a few days before Commencement. When he and his wife were with us at the supper table, he asked if we were coming to the Commencement exercises. We replied that we were, and he, in a very sneering way, said, "If you do, you will hear a nigger talk." I asked him if he had ever heard Douglass and, upon his replying, "No," I told him, "I have, and, after you hear him, I think you will like him and [think] that the literary standard of the college has not been lowered by the choice of the class."

Mr. Pitkin sat upon the platform when Douglass spoke and, to my inquiry when coming off the platform, said that there could be no fault found with it, only his views against the Colonization Society¹⁸. The procession that was formed at that Commencement was a sight never seen before or since. It was President Pierce and a "nigger"—as Caleb Pitkin said—at his side at the head of the procession, led by a band of music around the chapel and tent onto the speakers' platform.

From that time on and due largely, I think, to the speech of

Douglass, the opposition to anti-slavery waned until, by the time Mr. Hitchcock became president¹⁹, the majority of the trustees and faculty became opposed to slavery and thence forward, under the strong leadership of President Hitchcock, the influence of the college was against slavery.

The first Commencement was held in the old Congregational Church. At this Commencement, Deacon Kilbourn and others of the church paired off the young men and maidens of the town and sent notices to all the young men, telling them which girl they could take to the Commencement exercises, and also notified the girls whom they might expect to accompany them. The plan worked successfully, for the boys and girls did as they were told, but only one young man married the young lady assigned to him by that committee and that was Judge Sylvester Thompson and Miss Peck.

There are, I believe, but two persons now living who attended that first commencement, Mrs. Orrin Thompson of Detroit, and myself. With one exception, I believe I attended every Commencement of the College held in Hudson. Such anniversaries as these bring back pleasing memories of the old associations but, alas, they cannot bring back the old associates.

* * * * *

Since these sketches were begun I have received several communications from different persons calling my attention to various incidents which happened long ago or asking for personal sketches of some of the pioneers of whom I have been able, as yet, to say but little or nothing. It would give me great pleasure if I were able to present a full historical sketch of the town and of all its pioneer settlers, but I can do scant justice to any of my subjects and can only give broken sketches just as my mind calls them up at the time of writing, and of these I must omit very much, for my hand is slower than my memory.

* * * * *

The following account of a convention which was perhaps the turning point in the history of the town, has been handed to me by a fellow pioneer who, like myself, was an interested attendant at the convention. I remember very well the main facts of the meeting and many of the speakers, how they looked and what they said.

“Closely allied to, and growing out of the agitation of the slavery question in the W. R. College and Congregational church was the Oberlin anti-slavery convention held in Hudson in the early spring

of 1843. It had its sessions in what was then called 'the Oberlin church,' now constituting the upper story of the building on the East side of South park lately vacated by Testa²⁰.

"As I understand it, the conservative party held that slavery was a political question and that it was wise and prudent for colleges and churches to leave the affair to the State. But what was called the Radicals such as Finney of Oberlin College, Lovejoy, Phillips, Wade, and John Brown took an entirely different view of slavery. Their views are well expressed in the *Oberlin Quarterly* of Feb. 1846, page 301, by Rev. Edward Weed in the following language: 'If the American churches can be brought to dethrone and excommunicate slavery, then shall we expect to see a speedy, safe, and peaceful termination of the evil. If not, we shall look for it to increase and become darker and darker in crime and more stringent upon its victims and demoralizing to its upholders, until it has reached that point of culmination beyond which no evil can pass *unavenged*. And then, if not before, when Jehovah has put on the robes of Vengeance and treads the wine press of his fury alone, staining all his raiment with blood, then will our leaders in Zion learn that the way to eradicate a moral evil is not to admit it into the church and surround it with a holy guardianship.'

"This prophecy has since been fulfilled with a literalness but little dreamed of, perhaps, by Mr. Weed.

"But, as to the convention, it was held in 'the Oberlin church,' as the little church built and occupied by the Seceders from the old church was called. President Pierce and some of the alumni of the Western Reserve College were there to defend their views. Oberlin's ablest men were there and with them Senator Bradburn of Mass., in defense of Oberlin views. Senator B., at an early stage of the convention, complained of the crowded condition of the hall. He said they tried to get the old church, a much larger place, but the answer was that it was dedicated to the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ and hence could not be let for other uses, as upon the present occasion. Senator Bradburn's reply was, 'We preach a free gospel. This is the gospel that Christ preached,' quoting from Isa. 61:1, 'The spirit of the Lord God is upon me because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek. He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of Vengeance of our God, and to comfort all that mourn.' Now, said Senator

Bradburn, 'This is the gospel we preach. If you have any other gospel, it cannot be the gospel of Christ;' and some other pungent remarks.

"When President Pierce got up to defend, perhaps not his, but the policy of the Western Reserve College on the slavery question, his feelings were too strong to find utterance and I think he had the sympathy of all in the hall. If there were tears, do not smile at this expression of manly feeling when the honor of his college was at stake.

"Right here I want to speak of what happened at an alumni dinner twenty-five or thirty years later (President Pierce had then gone to his heavenly home). The after dinner speeches were of course all about the history of the college. John Pierce, eldest son of Pres. Pierce, was there, and when the speaking was about over he got up to speak. He was full of feeling and had difficult utterance. He said he thought his father did not get full credit for the part he had in building up the College. He said he had been around a good deal among men but he had never found a man of better mind and broader views than his father. He had my sympathy. Many times since, reflecting on John Pierce's feelings and what he said about his father, I have thought, 'Will the time ever come when boys and young men will give their fathers credit for what good there is in them and what they have done for them while they *live* and so gladden their hearts and soften the pillow for their weary old heads?'

"Back to the convention—A young lawyer by the name of Wade sang an anti-slavery song to the tune of 'Greenland's Icy Mountains.' That young voice, that wonderfully inspiring music and the strain of deep sympathy and humanity in the sentiment of that song, have for all these years been a luxury for me to reflect upon.

"Among the college graduates there to stand for the honor of their Alma Mater, was a Mr. Lord, a very fine looking man. He said he had attended three different colleges and gave to Western Reserve the palm both for its moral and literary standing. He spoke well. When he sat down, Senator Bradburn got up and made light of Mr. Lord's remarks. He said, 'Mr. Lord tells us that he has attended three colleges. Well, that puts me in mind of a story I once heard about a calf. This particular calf nursed from three cows and what was the result? Why, it was a great calf.' (Laughter.)

"I think the impression left with most of the audience was that

Western Reserve College was far behind the times in the anti-slavery reform. I think the convention served largely the purpose for which it was held; that was to convert or render unpopular the views upon slavery held by the conservative elements in Western Reserve College. The influence and popularity of the Western Reserve College suffered a severe blow and that of Oberlin was correspondingly increased."

VII

Some Hudson Pioneers

One of the most exemplary Christians I ever knew was John Lappin, an Irishman. His conversion seemed to be like Saul's, and nearly as sudden. In his early days he was a reckless drunkard and would rather fight than eat when he was hungry. But in middle life he embraced the true principles of Christianity and was one of the most faithful followers of Christ, in denying himself and taking up his cross, I ever saw.

I have heard him exhort and pray a great many times and he seemed to have Jesus Christ right by his side to put words into his mouth and thoughts in his heart. His favorite hymn was "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies," etc. One night in a prayer meeting after singing that hymn and offering prayer he said he had bought a farm at Gilbert's Corners in the town of Stow of Capt. Stow of Connecticut, and had nearly paid for it, not knowing that the State of Connecticut had a mortgage on it from Stow for its full value and that the mortgage had become due, and, as he was unable to pay the small balance, they had sold it away from him.

After repeating the above and singing the first verse of his favorite hymn, he said, with tears rolling down his cheeks, "I have lost my earthly title to a home on earth but, thank God, I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies where my Savior is and there is no mortgage on that title." He then went on to relate his experience in getting that title. He said he was in the woods all alone, kneeling at the roots of a large tree, begging God to help him to roll off his burden of sin so he could get a clean heart and a right spirit to aid in securing that good part that would never be taken from him. While thus pleading, he said, the gloom passed from his mind and the burden of sin rolled from his heart, and the birds and the trees and everything around him seemed to be praising God.

There was one incident in his life that seemed more like cutting off the hand or plucking out the eye for truth's sake than anything I ever saw. It was when his son [was] arrested for stealing pork. At the trial they tried to get evidence enough to convict without calling on the father, but they were unable to do so, and the father was called. When he came onto the stand to testify against his son, it was not so much what he said that carried conviction of the son's

guilt as the great tears which rolled down his cheeks in anguish and pity and love for his son while giving his testimony.

William Lappin, his brother, was a drinking man, but not [a] fighting man. I stopped at Philip Fillius' place¹ once when William was riving staves for flour barrels and asked him where his brother John was, saying I would go five miles to hear him exhort and sing and pray. He said his brother John was dead and that he knew nothing but the grace of God that could make so good a Christian as his brother was. I said to him, "I wonder you are not as good a man." He replied that he had resolved many times that he would be a Christian, but he found the devil to be like a good general—always attacked him in the weakest place.

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He called one day on his neighbor, Robert Walker, who was sick. Walker says to him, "I want you to cut my wheat," to which William said, "I can't, I have all I can do to cut my own and it is ripe." Walker insisted on his demand and added, "You owe me, you know." The reply was, "I owe you nothing but love and good-will and very little of that."

In the fall of 1835 he lost a pig and was up to my wife's father's looking for it. Father Wright said there was one in his neighbor's wood lot and that it had got fat on acorns and beechnuts. "Ah," said he "Brother Mansur will want me to pay for fattening it." "Oh no," says father Wright, "He is a good Christian." "Well, I think he would do very little for God's sake if he knew the devil was dead."

McClellan², a shrewd, witty Irishman, frequently called at Esq. Hudson's. I was in a shoe shop getting some work done and Mac came in while I was talking with a neighbor on the abolition of slavery. He, the neighbor, was a Democrat and said their doctrine was equal rights to all men. I asked him how he could maintain that doctrine without giving the slaves their freedom. He said they were only property—not human beings. Mac says, "Now let me repeat a story that I related to a crowd in Esq. Hudson's barroom when he kept a hotel. In our conversation on business one of the most important topics was to learn in a brief way how to dispatch our work with success when it crowded us too much. One who seemed quite free to express himself says to us, 'When I was a justice in New York, I had five hundred cases on my docket at one time.' Now, I says to the crowd, let me tell you a story of a brother Irishman. He was going by a man's gate where there was a litter of guinea pigs. They were something new to him and he says to

himself, 'I swear to God I wish I might know what them be.' He then touched them with his cane and they bobbed around so that he repeated his wish. The owner of the pigs came to the gate and said to him, 'You must not swear so.' But he was so anxious to know what they were that he said again, 'I swear to God I wish I might know what them be.' The man stepped outside the gate and said to him, 'I tell you you must not swear so; I am Justice of the Peace.' The Irishman turning around looked him square in the face and exclaimed, 'Well, now, I swear to God I am more beat yet.' When Mac heard my neighbor say that the black man was property, not a human being, he felt like making the same remark.

McClellan was riding with me one day on my ox sled with his old friend who, like his brother Irishman, had made a mistake in his choice for a good wife. After having enjoyed married life a few months, he went to the minister who married them and asked him to unmarry them. The minister said, "No, I can't do it, you took her for better or worse." The Irishman replied, "Faith and I know that, but there is no better about it—it is all worse." In our ride we came to a lot of ten acres which his friend had cleared and enclosed with a nice new rail fence. Mac congratulated him on having such a nice fence. After going along a little further we came in sight of his new house. "By George," says Mac, "a new house too. It looks so good, I would to God you had a new wife."

He with a few of his old friends who were gathered together once, proposed to give the best evidence they had in regard to the good qualifications of their wives and their neighbors' wives to make home pleasant and comfortable. They pledged themselves that nothing should be said unless it was in the person's favor. They gave them all much credit for making life and home pleasant and comfortable, all but one. When her name was mentioned there was a long pause, for she was well known. Mac finally broke the silence by saying, "She is good to skim milk."

VIII

Dr. Jonathan Metcalf

Dr. Metcalf was one of the pioneers of Hudson whose mind was well stored with knowledge and experience of its early days, especially in his profession. I do not think those of his profession, in these modern times, would be willing to undergo such trials and self-denials as he did to administer to the wants of his patients. His back seemed fitted to the burden.

It was very interesting to hear him relate his experience, and those efforts gave him peace of mind in his old age, such as the world cannot give nor take away.

[An account of the life of Dr. Jonathan Metcalf, which is substantially the same as the following, appears in *Reminiscenses of Hudson, Ohio for One Hundred Years* where it is attributed to Emily E. Metcalf, Dr. Metcalf's daughter.]

Jonathan Metcalf was born June 26, 1787 in Lebanon, Ct. This town was the chief residence of the Metcalf family for more than two hundred years. The paternal estate descended from father to son from the time it was redeemed from the Indians until about the year 1835. The family was remarkable for longevity. One of the ancestors lived in three centuries, having been born in 1699, lived through the 18th century, and died in 1801. Jonathan Metcalf's father was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. The family were members of the First Congregational Church of Lebanon and regular attendants at all the stated meetings of the church.

Those who think that animals partake of the spirit of the family might find some support for such an opinion in the habit of the family horse. He was regularly brought before the door on Sunday morning, saddled and bidden to carry the joint head of the family to meeting on his back. If on the ringing of the bell his riders were not forthcoming he would slip his bridle and take his place at the accustomed church hitching-post. In conformity to Connecticut usage the family observed Saturday evening as a holy time and their mother usually spent it in singing hymns with her children. One of Dr. Metcalf's earliest recollections was of hearing his grandmother read from a newspaper called *The Federalist*.

When he was a school boy in the common school of Lebanon, Saturday forenoon was devoted to catechetical instruction. Rev. Dr.

Ely, the pastor of the church visited the school twice during a term and examined the youth in the catechism. The children never forgot the grave and dignified appearance of this gentleman in conducting the examination and how sharply it was contrasted with the hurried manner of their graceless teacher, when in preparing them for the examination he would catch up a mutilated copy of the catechism, ask a few questions, and then throw down the book saying, "Whole mess gone. School dismissed!"—all in one breath.

When a lad Dr. Metcalf enjoyed the instruction of Rev. Dr. Nott of Franklin, Ct., in a family school for boys, and afterwards attended the Academy in Colchester, Ct. In 1807 he went to Middlebury, Vt., and began the study of medicine. During the three years spent in Middlebury he attended two courses of lectures in the medical department of Dartmouth College.

In the spring of 1812 having a little money, a small stock of medicines, a case of surgical instruments, and a good horse, he decided to go west and look for a place. With no particular destination in view his plan was to travel westward until he found a desirable opening to begin the practice of medicine. West of Albany he visited several places but nothing opened which appeared to offer the advantages he desired until he reached Buffalo. Crossing over into Canada at that point he found a good place for a young Physician, but rumors of war were ripe and he decided not to remain. Continuing his way along the lake shore he came to Painesville, then to Burton, and then spent two weeks in Aurora. Not caring to remain in so new a settlement he thought of Pittsburg. The morning he was to start he had his saddle bags packed and his horse at the door when Esq. Hudson, who had just come to Aurora to get his horses shod, accosted him and insisted that he should not leave this vicinity until he had visited Hudson with a view to settlement. In company with Esq. Hudson on the 6th day of June 1812, Dr. Metcalf first entered Hudson where he spent the remainder of his life, a period of fifty-seven years.

In two weeks after coming to Hudson news of the declaration of war was received, creating great excitement. An independent military company from six or eight of the neighboring townships was formed in Hudson. Some weeks after this, late one Saturday evening, a messenger from Newburg came to Esq. Hudson, bringing the news of Hull's surrender and stating that the British and Indians in great numbers were floating down the lake in flat boats and would probably overrun the whole section.

This news roused the whole community and early the next morning Capt. Lusk had his company paraded on the green when a communication from the Committee of Public Safety at Cleveland was received to the effect that the men seen in the boat were Hull's men on parole and that there was no immediate danger. After the communication was read, Capt. Lusk asked who would carry the information to Warren. Dr. Metcalf, having a good riding horse, offered to go and carry the intelligence. There was only a bridle path by marked trees to Warren and no bridges over the streams. He was an entire stranger to the country but he undertook the commission.

He left Hudson with a letter of introduction to Col. Edwards of Warren, and rode forty miles on a sultry day, swimming the Mahoning two or three times when the water came nearly to the seat of the saddle, and reached Warren about dusk. He found Col. Edwards at the home of General Perkins and, after handing him the communication, was invited to spend the night at the home of the former. In the morning, as he was walking on the street, he met a former Hanover acquaintance who was teaching in Warren. He informed Dr. Metcalf that Col. Cotgrave, who was encamped on the common with his regiment under marching orders, had raised quite an excitement the preceding evening, alleging that he (Metcalf) was a British soldier in disguise and had brought the message delivered to Col. Edwards to delay the marching of the regiment and thus gain time for the British. Moreover, if he had not had the protection of Col. Edwards' house, his life would have been sacrificed by the soldiers. The Company was afterwards ordered to Old Portage and Dr. Metcalf was with them as surgeon.

At this date there was no settlement in Twinsburg and Streetsboro, but later Dr. Metcalf's medical practice was in these townships and in Aurora, Mantua, Troy, Hiram, Brecksville, and Bath. In Stow he divided the practice with Dr. Wright of Tallmadge and in Bedford with Dr. Long of Cleveland. He often walked to the neighboring towns because the roads were impassable for a horse. Sometimes it was necessary to take these walks in the night and several times he became bewildered in attempting to follow a path by marked trees and wandered a long time in the woods before finding his destination.

His practice was for the most part over roads so bad that no words can justly describe them. He must often ford streams and then ride many miles with his clothing frozen stiff on his person. His patients were found living in open log houses with no comfortable provisions for the family and nothing for an exhausted physician and his horse

ready to perish. During these years there was almost no money in circulation. The postage on a letter from Conn. was twenty-five cents and was collected when the letter was delivered. The fact that the early settlers were troubled to raise money to pay their postage bills gives some idea of the extreme poverty.

In 1813 Dr. Metcalf purchased of Ira Hudson a tract of 290 acres of land about a mile from the center of Hudson on what is now Aurora St. On this land he made a clearing and built a house of hewn logs containing two rooms with a large fireplace and board hearth. He sent to Pittsburg and got glass for the windows which the neighbors considered a great piece of extravagance. Oiled cloth was the usual medium for admitting the light to a log house.

About this time Esq. Hudson began facetiously to rally him about his incurable patient in Aurora, as the little black horse with his rider was often seen trotting off in that direction. On Dec. 25, 1814 Dr. Metcalf was married to Miss Abigail L. Root of Aurora, and he brought his wife to the new house in Hudson, which became their home for the next ten years. Mrs. Metcalf newly papered the two rooms in the log house with newspapers which were presented to her by her friend Judge Parkman of Parkman; the house had a supply of comfortable furniture and here, according to the testimony of both parties on the occasion of their Golden Wedding in 1864, they passed the happiest ten years of their lives.

About 1824 the old log house was superseded by the comfortable and commodious house now owned and occupied by Mr. W. I. Chamberlain, which, after standing more than seventy years, is now one of the good farm houses of Hudson¹.

Dr. Metcalf's views on the higher education of woman were far in advance of his time. He held strictly to the Pauline view of woman's sphere but he thought no education too high or too broad to fit woman to act well her part in the home. In securing the education of his children he was ready to make any sacrifice and any exertion no matter how strenuous.

When Dr. Metcalf came to Hudson there was no stated preaching in the church. Occasionally, Revs. Barr, Cowles, Badger, Darrow, Leslie and others preached and later Rev. John Seward preached half the time in Hudson and the alternate Sunday in Aurora. Dr. Metcalf joined the Congregational Church by letter in 1815 and retained his connection until his death, a period of fifty-four years. During his long life he enjoyed almost uninterrupted health. During his pioneer

life his strength enabled him to render his full quota of service. The vigor transmitted from earlier to advanced years saved him from decrepitude though in his old age he suffered from some infirmities which were the mark of his struggle with primitive life.

Before he reached his eightieth year he felt a great longing to go east and visit once more the scenes of his childhood and youth. This desire was gratified. When a young man he was often in Montreal; indeed one of the winter pleasures of the Metcalf family in Lebanon was a sleigh ride to Montreal where they had friends and relatives. On this, his last pleasure trip, he first went to Montreal and visited the points so familiar sixty years before. Thence to Cambridge, Mass., to visit William Hyde, an old school friend whom he had not met for more than half a century.

Together these octogenarians reviewed their lives and related their experiences. Both men had had their full share of trials and disappointments. In the retrospect they might both have said with the Patriarch Jacob, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been," but they would hardly have raised the modern question, "Is life worth living?" The meeting of these old-time friends was pleasant and the parting was tender, both of them looking toward sunset feeling so nearly in touch with the great Beyond.

Dr. Metcalf met many who, like himself, had outlived their generation but whose hold on life was strong and interest in current events fresh as the morning. After his return from this, his last trip, he busied himself in putting his house and all the premises and all his affairs in good order to leave. The debt of nature must be paid, however long deferred. After a few weeks of failing health, near to the close of a summer day July 30, 1869, in the eighty-third year of his life, without a sigh or a groan he breathed his last in the presence of the wife of his youth, and his three surviving children. His remains were laid in the old cemetery beside kindred dust and near many of those who had wrought with him in subduing the wilderness and in laying the foundation of the institutions which we now enjoy.

IX

Horace Metcalf

I have been asked the question since I commenced writing these sketches—"What farmer in Hudson now can match the stature and strength and dignity of Horace Metcalf?" My answer is, I never saw one. I never saw his equal in the hayfield with a pitchfork or scythe. And his wife was nearly if not quite equal to him in stature and in all other respects as a woman. He always gave her credit of being the better half of his prosperity. He once said to me, "Such a wife to any man of common sense and judgment is a fortune and he could not be poor."

She and her first cousin, Saphronia Mills, were first cousins to John Brown and they were my second and third school teachers when I was seven and eight years old in the little log bedroom at the end of my Uncle Gideon Case's log house on Darrow Street. They were both large noble-looking women and had the gift, and improved it, to command the respect and love of their scholars, [and this] is still fresh in my mind as I write these lines. As was the custom in those days, they always began the day's work by reading a chapter in the Bible and offering prayer.

This sketch of Horace Metcalf is mainly derived from an obituary notice written at the time of his death by the Rev. George Darling, pastor of the Congregational Church in Hudson¹.

Horace Metcalf's ancestors came to America in 1638 and settled in the vicinity of Boston, but removed to Connecticut not many years later. It was stated at his father's funeral that he was the first of his line to die under the age of eighty as far back as it could be traced. Horace Metcalf was the seventh generation in this country.

He was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, May 18, 1791, and came to Ohio on horse back in 1816. He purchased a small farm on what is now Aurora St., more than a mile from town, and built a log house on the rise of ground just west of the residence of his grandson, Horace Metcalf Clark. Mr. Metcalf joined the Congregational Church by letter in 1816. He became a member of the choir and attended the singing schools, which then were a kind of rehearsal for the musical services of the Sabbath. There he met Miss Lemira Thompson, a daughter of Dr. Moses Thompson of Hudson.

At one of the singing schools he handed Miss Thompson a little note which is still in possession of the family. The purport of the

note is that, if agreeable to her, he would like to call on her on a given evening (mentioning the date) and requesting, if a call would not be agreeable, to return the note within five minutes. Presumptive evidence goes to show that the note was not returned as Mr. Metcalf married Miss Thompson May 27, 1819, and took her to his little log house which a few years later was superseded by a frame building in which it would seem that he wrought the staying qualities of his own character since after standing nearly seventy years there is not an unsound timber in it².

His farm was then nearly an unbroken forest and the work of redeeming it from the wilderness, together with the additions and improvements made from time to time, were mainly by the labor of his own hands. Mr. Metcalf paid much attention to the cultivation of fruit and of flowers. His was the first greenhouse built in Hudson and it was well stocked with choice plants. His front yard in the season of flowers was a veritable "Cloth of Gold."

Some of the most valuable varieties of fruit ever grown in Hudson were the product of his farm. The evergreens which are such an ornamental landmark on Aurora Street were purchased by Mr. Metcalf in 1847, at Syracuse, N.Y. They were brought to Hudson in a hand-bag and so successfully cultivated that, out of the original hundred, only one of them died. In 1887 one of these trees was donated to the church for a Christmas tree at a Sunday school entertainment. It extended quite across one end of the Auditorium and reached the ceiling of the church. Decorated with ornaments, brilliantly illuminated and loaded with presents, it was a magnificent sight. The Sunday after Christmas the pastor of the church, Rev. A. B. Cristy³ improved the occasion by preaching a sermon to the children from the text, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." With the tree standing as an object lesson before them, the sermon made a deep impression on old and young and was a beautiful illustration of the apothegm, "He that plants trees loves others beside himself." Mr. Metcalf was an industrious man, intelligent and well-informed, of more than ordinary mind, large conscience, strong will and a decided character, an honest man and a sincere Christian.

He began life with small means and by labor and economy, with the blessing of Providence, acquired a large property second in value to few if any in the township. Of this property he regarded himself not the absolute owner, but only a steward in trust for the Lord.

Especially were his last years distinguished by a noble liberality in the use of his property for uses of Christian enterprise and benevolence. The liberal part which he with others bore in building the brick church and completing the same free of debt makes the edifice an honor to his name and memory in this community.

His last days were full of the peace and joy of religion. The clear hopes and prospect of Heaven and "the glory yet to be revealed" made him long to depart and be "Forever with the Lord." Mr. Metcalf passed away without a struggle or a groan October 30, 1865, and in the seventy-fifth year of his age. A sermon commemorative of his life and character was preached in the church on the Sabbath following his death by Rev. George Darling. His mortal remains were interred in the old cemetery where so many of the early settlers have been laid down in hope of resurrection to eternal life.

X

The O'Brien Family and Its History

I think that, among the pioneers of Hudson, Henry O'Brien should hold a place not only among the "thirty" but among the "three." Henry O'Brien came to this country from Ireland in 1797 (just one hundred years ago) at the age of sixteen. He lived in New York State five years; came to Hudson in 1802; settled on a farm joining Dr. Moses Thompson's (who came two years earlier) on the diagonal road from Hudson to Cuyahoga Falls¹. In 1804 he married Miss Sarah Walker. The groom was twenty-three, the bride twenty-four years old. To them were born five sons and four daughters.

The oldest, William, born in 1805, became an M.D. and was treasurer of Portage Co.² to which much of Summit Co. then belonged. His health was poor at that time, and his work was mostly done by clerks. His mother, Aunt Sally (as we used to call her), went with him to New York City that he might have the benefit of the best medical skill in the country. They were there some time. This shows something of the type of a woman Aunt Sally was, to undertake such a tedious and expensive and responsible an undertaking. This was twenty years before we had the Railroads. He never got well and died at the age of thirty-seven.

David, the second son, was born in 1808. He was a successful farmer and business man, one [of] the first to bring Durham cattle here. He was justice of the peace. Married a daughter of Col. George Darrow's. His daughter, Mrs. Sabrina O'Brien Darrow, with her family, own and live on part of her father's farm. David and his wife were, like his father and mother, liberal entertainers. He died at fifty-one years of age.

Moses O'Brien [was] born in 1809. Farmed some and studied law; didn't stick very close to either. He never married. Died at the age of forty-two. That Moses was something of a wag appears in this: There were a few Indians in the Bissel school in Twinsburg³ in time of vacation. Moses thought to turn them to account so fixed up a wagon and took the Indians out to give a show. The Indians got back in a short time, but it was several months before Moses got back, and [he] did not bring the horse and wagon. His father, like a prudent man, said nothing about the horse and wagon for a few days, or until he and Moses were in better condition of mind to talk on the subject, when the father says to Moses, "What has

become of the grey mare and the wagon?" "Why, father," says Moses, "I found an Episcopal minister near Cincinnati in need and so I gave him the horse and wagon." Moses knew how to touch the right cord. Uncle Harry answered, "All right, Moses, you did right."

Martin, fourth son, was born in 1813. Married Mary Galloway, had a family; died when but forty-two years old.

The fifth son, Mitchell, next to the youngest, died in infancy.

Mary O'Brien, born in 1813, married Peter McCauley, lived most of her life on the old homestead where his son, Edward, and his son and family now live. Mary O'Brien McCauley died at seventy-one years of age.

Harriet O'Brien was born in 1815, married Mr. Griswold of Talmadge. Died at the age of thirty, leaving a family.

Fanny was born in 1817. Married William Hurst; died at the age of forty-nine.

Sarah Ann O'Brien was born in 1820; was never married; died when twenty-five years old.

In 1830 Uncle Harry built a large two-story frame house. He owned land about this time in Hudson, Stow, and Northampton townships—some said in all nearly one thousand acres. Hudson land sold very low on account of so much swamp land. The whole township sold at a little over fifty cents an acre.

Harry O'Brien and wife were known for many miles around for their bounteous liberality to the poor and to the stranger. I have known him to send his son, Moses, with a two-horse wagon fourteen miles to bring to his place a family that he had never heard of until the day before. Uncle Harry and Aunt Sally respect the blessing of those who advise liberal things.

That settlement called "Little Ireland"⁴ was the result of the interest and very liberal help Uncle Harry and Aunt Sally gave to the immigrant stranger whom they thought worthy. Remember, those immigrants who came here from sixty-five to eighty-five years ago were an enterprising people. Most of them got good homes and made their mark; the result shows these early settlers had not only strong bodies but clear heads, warm hearts, and high purposes.

But Uncle Harry and Aunt Sally did more than provide for the physical wants of their large family; they provided for many beside their own. Their table seemed to me, when I was a child, to be ten or twelve feet long. Christian Cackler, who lived some three

miles from Uncle Harry's, when twelve years old, was left in care of his father's cabin; his father and brother went to Penn. After sticking to the cabin three weeks and the food had given out, he remembered Aunt Sally's generosity and went to their house and stayed three weeks, until his father came home. I can imagine Aunt Sally taking a mother's place to the little starved boy who came to her.

They were also interested in the people's souls' welfare. Uncle Harry and A. A. Brewster⁵ and A. Sadler were the chief builders of the Episcopal Church in Hudson in 1840. He also helped to build the church in Cuyahoga Falls. I think all who knew this worthy couple will agree with me that their names should be among the three.

Uncle Harry was a small man with a big heart. He had faith in God, in himself, and in men around him; this was good capital for him to start out with. He was not one who suspected every man to be a rogue. Can we not learn a lesson from him who was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord? I suppose Uncle Harry and Aunt Sally had some of the failings and shortcomings incident to humanity, but, candidly, I do not remember one of them, and I could not have the heart to tell of it, if I did remember them. Henry O'Brien died at the age of seventy-one years; Sarah, his wife, at the age of seventy-nine years.

XI

Owen and John Brown

Owen Brown, (father of John Brown who was executed at Harper's Ferry December 2, 1859) was born in Torrington, Conn., in 1771. [He] was a lineal descendant of Peter Brown, who came over in the Mayflower¹. He had a constitutional aversion to ostentation and vain display; indeed, it amounted to hatred! When he was a little child his mother one Sunday put some bows of ribbon on his shoes, but the display so offended his taste that she could not get him to church until the ribbon was replaced by plain shoestrings. So the child was father of the man!

[Owen Brown] left Torrington on the 8th of August, 1804, for his first journey to Ohio and returned in October. On the 9th of June, 1805, he, with his family which consisted of his wife, Ruth Mills Brown, and his children, Ruth, John, Salmon, Oliver and Frederick, and in company with Dea. Benj. Whedon, to whom he was much attached, started for his new home in Ohio which they reached on the 27th of July. Their first dwelling place was a log house standing on the site of the Brewster house, now occupied by Dr. Coolman². He had a tannery on the brook (which was then much larger than it is now), about twenty or thirty rods west of the new Oviatt block³. He found ready market for his leather which was mostly made of skins taken from wild animals by hunters.

His pioneer wife died Dec. 13, 1808, and was buried in the old Hudson cemetery between Baldwin and Chapel streets with her infant in her arms. This was the first burial in the cemetery and we can see by the inscription which he had chiseled into the gray slate slab which marks her grave that he had found that woman of whom Solomon said, "Her price was far above rubies." The stone still stands erect, by the side of her husband's, on the East side of the cemetery. The inscription reads as follows:

SACRED TO THE
MEMORY OF
RUTH, WIFE OF
OWEN BROWN
WHO DIED DEC. 13, 1808
IN THE 37 YEAR OF
HER AGE

She was a dutiful child,
A Sprightly youth, a Loving wife,
A Tender parent, a Kind neighbor
and an Exemplary christian.
Sweet is the memory of the Just.

This is an exact copy taken from the stone, line for line, and letter for letter except that the last figure in the date Dec. 13 is so worn as not to be told certainly. That date I have taken from the records furnished by relatives.

In the place of the word *dutiful* in the first line of the eulogy by some mistake was originally carved the word *delightful* and afterwards changed to *dutiful*, which had to be cut much deeper than the rest in order to make it plain. The original word is still plainly visible however.

Sally Root was born at Southwick, Mass., Feb. 1st, 1789, and became the second wife of Owen Brown Nov. 8th, 1809, by whom he had eight children the youngest of whom, Mrs. J. B. Davis, still lives in St. Johns, Mich. Owen was a very modest exemplary Christian, but had a great impediment in his speech, stuttering very badly in conversation, but he had a gift to sing and pray in religious meetings, which he often used at church and prayer meetings and with very little difficulty from his impediment. When he was excited or embarrassed in conversation, it troubled him to finish his sentences.

He was a strong Free Soil man in politics, and Wm. Beebe who kept the Post Office was a strong Whig and seemed to take delight in saying something to excite him, especially on his politics. At one time when Brown called at the office for his Free Soil papers, Beebe, while handing them to him, said, "Those are what you are using to kill the grand old Whig party." 'Squire Brown in his haste to reply began to stutter which gave Beebe an opportunity to say, "Come, come, 'Squire, you are getting in too heavy a load, let it out." This banter brought the words out of Brown's mouth and he unloaded by saying, "I was j-j-just c-c-considering if the g-g-game was w-w-worth the am-am-ammunition."

One who was familiar with him in conversation could help him in his stuttering by finishing his sentences for him. Once when talking with Prof. Nutting he got stalled and the Professor helped him out by supplying the rest of the sentence. Then his tongue was untied and, in a laughing way, [he] said, "I am as well provided for as B-B-Balaam for when he could not speak the Ass spoke for him."

Mr. Brown joined the Congregational Church in Hudson by letter September 4, 1808, and retained his connection until his death, a period of nearly a half a century. He was a regular attendant on the services of the sanctuary and a very able critic of sermons. His humble and reverent appearance in the house of God was very impressive. Mr. Brown was very able in prayer, and in his approach to the throne of the Heavenly Grace the impediment in his speech almost entirely disappeared. Some years after coming to Hudson he returned to Connecticut and Rev. Caleb Pitkin accompanied him on the journey. At their lodging where they stopped for the night, they occupied the same room, which was not usually supplied with a candle, but none of these things moved them. Both gentlemen were well informed on current topics, fond of discussing general principles, and moreover had fine conversational powers. They had so many resources in themselves that the long evenings were passed pleasantly and profitably. Before they retired they prayed together.

At 'Squire Brown's funeral Rev. Mr. Pitkin paid an eloquent tribute to his life and character, and referred with much feeling to the wonderful prayers in which he joined with Mr. Brown on that journey so many years before, and praised God for the utterance which was granted him in prayer.

[Owen Brown] was a very pleasant agreeable man and his religion was carried out practically according to Christ's rule in doing by others as you would have them do by you. He was a very practical man and a shrewd observer. He was talking with some men once who had made a foolish transaction according to his notion, and [he] told them that it reminded him of an old proverb; and then he tried to tell what it was but after several attempts to get it out he blurted out, "Well, I can't tell you what it is, but the last of it is—soon parted."⁴

He not only tried to govern his own life according to his religious ideas, but he was always ready and anxious to help a brother on the Christian road. When I with my young wife first began house-keeping we were three miles from the church, and we did not attend the services very often for the roads were very bad and through the woods most of the way and our only conveyance was an ox cart or stoneboat. Esq. Brown noticed our absence from the church services and came over to make us a visit and enquire after our welfare. He says, "We do not often see you at church; we need your help." "We are in the woods, clearing our farm," I says to him, "and it is not paid for yet. I would like to help you, but we have no

more than is necessary for our support." This I said, thinking he had asked for pecuniary help. "That is not what I mean," he said, "It is your presence which is better than money."

I never heard before nor since of an appeal equal to his at that time to call Christians together in brotherly love for religious worship, except Christ's saying, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, here am I in their midst."

As was befitting the father of John Brown, Esq. Brown was a strong Abolitionist, and with him in this belief were father Strong, grandfather of Dr. Josiah Strong, and father Chamberlain, father of Dr. W. I. Chamberlain. These three were thorough converts to the idea of the Abolition of slavery and proved their faith by their votes, casting the first three Abolition votes in Hudson, and my wife's father, Thomas Wright, took the first Abolition paper published in the United States, called *The Liberator*, by William Lloyd Garrison.

I think, if there was ever a class on earth since Christ's time that was persecuted for righteousness' sake, it was the old pioneer Abolitionist who by his prayers, efforts, and votes strove to destroy American Slavery and, if the true converts to the prohibition of the Liquor Traffic could see their reward for so doing, they would not faint in the day of adversity nor weary in the way of well doing. Thank God, those good old pioneers did not forget me nor the good cause they had espoused; they all came through the three miles of woods to my house to let me know that I was not alone in the good cause and to assure me that as Garrison said, "One in a minority with God is greater than the world's majority."

May God help us in our efforts to prohibit the Liquor Traffic, although few in numbers as were the pioneers of Abolition, and to be united to Christ and depend upon Him in the same way that a noted infidel expressed himself after hearing John Brown pray, saying, "He prays as though Jesus Christ stood right by his shoulder and without Him he could do nothing."

* * *

In the month of December [1859], John Brown, J. E. Cook, E. Copic, N. D. Stevens, A. Hazlett, five white men and J. A. Copeland and S. Green, colored, died on the scaffold at Harper's Ferry, and eleven others were put to death for their efforts to let the oppressed go free⁵. On the morning of his execution John Brown wrote me the following letter.⁶

Charlestown, Jefferson, Co Va, 2d, Dec, 1859,
Lora Case Esqr
My dear Sir

Your most kind & cheering letter of the 28th Nov is received. Such an outburst of warm hearted sympathy not only for myself; but also for those who "have no helper" compells me to steal a moment from those allowe me; in which to prepare for my last great change to send you a few words. Such a feeling as you manifest makes you to "shine" (in my estimation) in the midst of this wicked; & perverse generation as a light in the world." May you ever prove yourself equal to the high estimate I have placed on you. Pure & undefiled religion befor God & the Father is" as I understand it: an *active* (not a dormant) *principle*. I do not undertake to direct any more about my children. I leave that now entirely to their excellent mother from whom I have just parted. I send you my "salutation with my own hand." Remember me to all *yours*, & *my dear friends*.

Your Friend

John Brown

In the execution of John Brown, Slavery made a desperate struggle for life but it only served to concentrate the forces which led to its overthrow. As Victor Hugo said, "What the South slew last December was not John Brown, but slavery. Between the North and the South stands the gallows of Brown."

John Brown, son of Owen Brown, was born May 9, 1800, in Torrington, Connecticut. When he was five years old his father and mother with three brothers and one sister moved to Hudson, July 27, 1805.

I was born in Granby, Connecticut, Nov. 18, 1811. When I was two-and-a-half years old my father, mother, three sisters and one brother came to Hudson July 4, 1814, and, from what I saw and heard him [John Brown] say, our dress and experiences were similar in some respects. For a necktie we wore a piece of morocco leather to hold up our shirt collar called a stock, and we both wore buckskin pants with leather suspenders. He said he never attempted to dance or ever learned to know one card from another and I was as ignorant in that respect as he was.

The first time I knew him was in 1816 in a small school house on the Northwest corner of South park, diagonally opposite from what was then Baldwin and Brother's store, where Buss' store now stands.

It was used for church services. William Hanford was the pastor and John Brown was our Sunday school teacher. He had a very mild way to express his views, especially to the young, and in a practical way show the true principles of Christianity and that it was more to give than to receive. He was a tanner by trade and kept bachelor's hall for several years. He married Diantha Lusk in 1821, by whom he had seven children, the youngest of whom, an infant, was buried in its mother's arms, like his mother's youngest child.

His second wife's name was Mary A. Day, by whom he had thirteen children. There is one of his first wife's children now alive, a son, and three daughters by his second wife, all of them in California.

When in conversation or debating a question with others, if they showed anger in their expressions or gestures, he would stand with his hands folded behind him and in a very calm, decided way express his views without raising his hand to give force to his argument, but showed by the motion of his head and body that it came from the heart to convince you.

Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Gerritt Smith⁷ were his intimate friends for aid and advice in his movements in the slavery struggle. They had the most forcible and practical way of expressing their sentiments of any speakers I ever heard. Every word and sentence seemed to come with such weight and force and from the heart and convinced one that they were honest in their expressions and had the love of God and goodwill to man in their heart.

The first time I ever heard of John Brown raising his voice against slavery was in the church prayer meeting one Thursday afternoon. We got the news that morning that the pro-slavery men had shot Lovejoy while standing in his doorway and demolished his press.⁸ The death of Lovejoy was the topic of the meeting. (There was then strong prejudice in the church and throughout the state against the anti-slavery movement.) Owen Brown and his son, John, were present at the prayer meeting. After some remarks on the sad news of Lovejoy's death, Esq. Brown arose and made a very earnest prayer, and in his plea for help, especially in the matter before them, it seemed as though he had the help of Him who sits on the mercy seat to carry their case to the Court of Heaven for a decision, and it seemed by his expressions as we listened to his prayer that he felt as though the Judge of all the earth was at the door of his heart.

After his father's prayer, John arose and in his calm, emphatic way says: "I pledge myself with God's help that I will devote my

life to increasing hostility towards slavery." The history of his life from that time to its tragic end gives him the honor of living and dying to maintain that pledge. It is a blessed assurance that those who lost their lives in opposing by voice and vote African Slavery and the Liquor Traffic will find it more abundantly and will receive the approval of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Lovejoy was shot in 1837, which was the year of my marriage, and the first expression I ever heard of Wendell Phillips (who was also married that year) on the slavery question was in reference to the murder of Lovejoy. The Abolitionists of Massachusetts called a meeting in Faneuil hall to express their indignation in regard to the murder of Lovejoy. At the commencement of the meeting the pro-slavery element manifested a determination to counteract the design of the meeting. The Attorney General, in expressing his opposition to the design of the meeting, denounced Lovejoy as a fool. That abrupt expression of the Attorney General caused young Phillips to rise so suddenly from his seat and jerk off his overcoat and start for the platform that it frightened his young wife so that she grabbed him by the arm, saying, "Wendell, what are you going to do?" His reply was, "I am going to speak if I can make myself heard." The crowd was in such an uproar that the chairman asked Phillips, as he stepped upon the platform, if he could stand thunder. The question of the chairman and the personal appearance of Phillips on the platform so surprised the audience that they made a pause, and, as he commenced talking, they seemed inclined to listen and he presented his arguments so forcibly in regard to the sin of slavery and its effects, and his indignation at the murder of Lovejoy, that they could not, out of respect to themselves, make any further disturbance or interfere with the purpose of the meeting any longer, and the object of the meeting was consummated much to the mortification of the Attorney General and his aid[e]s.

* * *

The first notice we have of John Brown in Kansas was when, at the request of four of his sons, he went to help them protect their rights as free citizens. It was when the invaders were attempting to take Lawrence by strategy, and, by falsely representing the free state men, had obtained Gov. Thomas' consent to use military force, if necessary, to accomplish their scheme. When the free state men represented their side to the governor and exposed the schemes of the invaders, the governor found that he was between two fires, which

were impossible for him to extinguish without their aid to sustain the right as a rebuke to the wrong. He labored for and secured a temporary compromise or treaty.

Brown and his sons, hearing of the siege at Lawrence, went to help them defend the city. They got there just in time to hear the compromise treaty ratified without any objections. After listening to the governor's approval of the treaty and the general acceptance of the belief that it would settle such a serious matter quietly and peaceably Brown mounted a dry-goods box and denounced the treaty as a sham, for it compromised with wrong to maintain their rights, which in the end would have to be settled with treasures of blood.

These expressions caused such an excitement in the crowd that they forced him from the box. After getting down he said that he did not like the peace treaty and that the best lesson they could give the invaders of their rights would be powder and lead, which he said they would be compelled to do before the invaders would respect their rights.¹⁰

The last time I saw John Brown was in Hudson, a short time before he went to Harper's Ferry. The night before he left Hudson he spoke in Ellsworth hall, on the corner opposite the Catholic church¹¹. His topic was the Declaration of Independence; his main effort was to show what it cost the old pioneers to gain and maintain their inalienable rights for themselves and their posterity, and, many of them having pledged their lives, fortunes and sacred honor to maintain their liberties, sealed it with blood.

I met him on his way to the train the next morning. He was walking with his hands behind him in deep thought, seemingly not noticing me until I got within reach of his hand, which then came quick from the skirt of his coat to grasp mine, and the greeting came with his cheerful voice and smile. The topic he had dwelt upon the night before was on his mind. He said he could not do justice to his topic at that time; he could not find words to express himself or impress on the mind of the hearers, especially those who profess to be one with Him who said He came to break the yoke and let the oppressed go free, that they were guilty of the sin of hypocrisy that Christ pronounced against the Pharisees; and, if they did not break the yoke and let the slaves go free, they would have to suffer the penalty. He pronounced against the Pharisees, even if it took their lives and fortunes to do it.

[Here Lora Case quoted John Brown's speeches at his arraignment and after sentence had been pronounced. They have been omitted because they can easily be found in the standard biographies, such as Oswald Garrison Villard's *John Brown, 1800-1859*. He also quoted Edna Dean Procter's poem, *John Brown*, which can be found in *Poems of American History*.¹²]

The following . . . which I took from a Virginia paper soon after his execution . . . was over the signature of Henry A. Wise, governor of Virginia:

He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw cut and thrust and bleeding and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, fortitude and simple ingenuousness. He is cool, collected and indomitable, and it is but just to him to say that he was humane to his prisoners, as attested to me by Col. Washington and Mr. Mills, and he inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth. He is a fanatic, vain and garrulous, but firm, truthful and honest¹³.

I think the trial and execution of John Brown by the slaveholders is one of the strongest proofs we have on record, since Christ's crucifixion, of Solomon's proverb: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

XII

"Bless the Friends I Love So Well"

This is a broken sketch covering the whole period of our experience and my observation since we commenced living in that log house May 15, 1837, up to April 1864; then we moved into a small frame house on a farm I bought of Philander Ellsworth in Hudson (in Lot 49)¹. We had no call to use that house as a depot for the underground railroad, for the business of that road was ended by the war.

But no sooner was the object of that road accomplished, and the slavery question settled and settled *right* than we found another foe, more destructive than African Slavery, affecting the white as well as the black, a foe which shackled the soul as well as the body. No railroad underground or above could carry the victim to freedom from the power of the foe. Nothing but the final underground station, whose keeper is Death, separates the slave of this Foe from his master.

There were but three of us in Hudson then, Principal N. B. Hobart, Samuel L. Clark, and myself that opposed it with our votes and but one paper in the world, *The Delaware Signal*, now called *The New Era and Delaware Signal*, that favored our party. The press and many lives have met with destruction and death for raising their voice and vote against it just as did those who raised their voice and vote against African Slavery.

A large proportion of the church with the clergy, the press both religious and secular, together with Uncle Sam himself, opposed that reform and, united with the forces of the Liquor Traffic, oppose this reform now. This foe enters right into the heart and home of the family and nation. I have seen so many kind neighbors and friends go down to a drunkard's grave and four of my best friends went through the awful fits of delirium tremens before their journey was done so that I have been led (do you wonder?) to take as decided a stand with my vote against the Liquor Traffic as I did against African Slavery. May He who opened the eyes of the blind open the eyes of the voters of the nations, especially those who profess to be one with Him, to see that the sin and misery caused by the Liquor Traffic lies at our door if we neglect to wipe it out with our votes. We shall be held responsible if the Judgment of God wipes it out with war as he did the sin of African Slavery in 1861.

* * * * *

Here comes a pleasant period in our married life, the fiftieth anniversary of our wedding day, and to make it more pleasant nearly two hundred of our friends came to meet and greet us on this occasion. Only five were living out of the houseful that saw us married; three were among our guests and [there were] four ministers to take note and see how well we had kept our pledge we made to one good minister (Rev. Giles Doolittle) fifty years ago, and six couples to join with us in saying that they had lived together as man and wife for fifty years,—S. E. Judd and wife, Augustus Ellsworth and wife, Hiram Thompson and wife, Hiel Danforth and wife, Sidney Collar and wife, and O. E. Hannum and wife. It is only one out of the very many couples that have the blessed privilege of passing the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage together; rarer still is it that during the entire fifty years they look out over the same fields and give constant and unfailing service to the same God.

This, however, is the character of the event that occurred at our pleasant home May 10th, 1887. Our guests ranged from the gray to the sunny-haired and all seemed to enjoy it as a pleasant family reunion, which led us to mingle among them as one of them and lay aside the formalities of custom, saying we invited our friends here to witness the effects of a marriage performed fifty years ago and to observe our request in the invitation not to make it a golden wedding unless it be as Solomon expressed it, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," and they all seemed to have and enjoy a richer treasure than gold or silver, which they presented to us in the form of love and goodwill, which came so warm from the heart, that "God bless you" with our lips and a smile on our face went to them in return.

I now come to a sad period in the history of my life. Since our pleasant anniversary day, the shadow of death has fallen and left empty the seat of my dear wife, and the seats of O. E. Hannum and wife, Hiram Thompson and wife, S. E. Judd, Augustus Ellsworth, Hiel Danforth, and Sidney Collar—three wives and six husbands of those seven couples—every marriage bond foreclosed by death.

The marriage bond between my wife and I was the last one on that list of seven to be entered into, the first to be foreclosed by the messenger, Death. I am the only husband of those seven couples living and there are three of the wives—Mrs. Judd, Mrs. Ellsworth, and Mrs. Danforth.

Sophia Darrow, now Widow Danforth, is the only one living of my first schoolmates that went with me to my first school in a little log bedroom on the South end of Gideon Case's log house in Darrow Street at the age of six. Caroline Stone, the Widow Collar, who has died since this sketch was written, was the last one of my schoolmates that went with me to my last school which I attended at the age of thirteen, which was held in a log house bedroom on the South end of Joseph Kingsbury's log house in the Hollenbeck neighborhood. The first school bedroom was *my* uncle's and the last *my wife's* uncle's.

With all these fresh in my mind it does not remove the shadow of death from the empty seat of my dear wife, whose pleasant smile in her home was a gleam of God's brightest sunshine, whose very presence soothed, comforted and cheered the very heart of man, one who always made it a rule to carry happiness to her home no matter who or what was there, and in her last parting words with great effort could say to her minister,

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion can supply,
Solid comfort when we die.
After death its joys will be,
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

In addition to her last words I would close by a petition she kept on record in her diary.

May our sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us when we die to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

NOTES

Foreword (Page viii)

1 Nathan Perkins Seymour (1813-1891) held the chair in Latin and Greek at Western Reserve College, 1840-1870, and was Mayor of Hudson, 1866-1868.

I

A Frontier Boyhood (Pages 1-10)

1 (1777-1863)

2 Zina Post (1784-1865?) came to Hudson in 1804, lived on what is now Valley View Road.

3 Dr. Moses Thompson (1776-1858) came to Hudson in 1800, is believed to have built the Flood house at 1221 Barlow Rd. in 1828.

4 Now Barlow Rd.

5 Ruffed grouse.

6 Passenger pigeons.

7 "A trap set with triggers which, when in place, resemble the figure 4." M. M. Mathews, ed., *A Dictionary of Americanisms* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1951)

8 A beverage made of fermented honey, similar to mead.

9 Possibly typhus, but more probably typhoid. The two diseases were not distinguished until 1837. R. L. Cecil, ed., *Textbook of Medicine* (Phila.: W. B. Saunders, 1948)

10 Family records indicate the younger Chauncey married Elizabeth Leach. Interview with Julian W. Scott, Jan., 1963.

11 The Cleaveland & Pittsburgh Railroad. The Orson Cook farm was on Ravenna St., just west of Stow-Aurora Rd.

12 Lawrence Sterne, "The Passport: The Hotel at Paris," *A Sentimental Journey*.

13 A New England expression for the tongue of a wagon or sled.

14 This is the house at 1931 Barlow Rd., on the north side of the road, about one mile east of Route 91. The tradition in the Case family is that a man was brought from Pittsburgh to oversee the brickmaking. Interview with Weldon W. Case, Jan., 1963.

15 *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published serially in the *National Era* in 1851-52. J. T. Adams, ed., *Dictionary of American History* (N.Y.: Scribner's, 1940)

16 1835.

17 In a speech at Brooklyn, N.Y., Nov. 1, 1859, Wendell Phillips (1811-1884) said, in reference to John Brown: "In God's world there are no majorities, no minorities; one, on God's side, is a majority." J. Redpath, *Echoes of Harper's Ferry* (Boston: Thayer & Eldridge, 1860), 51.

18 Probably between Clinton and Owen Brown Streets.

II

The Founding of Hudson (Pages 11-13)

1 (1760-1836)

2 The log house used by the family was at the foot of Baldwin St. where it now runs into Route 91.

3 318 N. Main St.

4 Trumbull Co. was organized in 1800; Portage Co., 1808; Summit Co., 1840.

5 Dr. Thompson did not come to Hudson until 1800.

III

The First Church (Pages 14-19)

1 The Buss store was where the Hudson Square Bldg. now stands, 72 W. Main St.

2 Westminster Assembly of Divines' catechism, 1647-48.

3 "Mrs. Cleopatra Case, the wife of Chauncey Case, spun from flax the line used in measuring the timbers for this church." . . . The bell, which "had a very pleasant tone in the key of B," was afterwards sold to the church in Independence. Emily E. Metcalf, *Historical Papers* (Akron, O.: Commercial Printing Co., 1902) The Town Hall now stands at 27 E. Main St.

4 To quill is to wind thread or yarn on a bobbin, spool, or spindle.

5 (1787-1862.)

6 As Christian Cackler (1791-1874) tells it, when he was fourteen years old, he and his brother went to work for Abram Thompson for three-and-a-half pounds of pork each per day, and could not get enough to eat because Abram's father, the Deacon, was so expert with his knife and fork, and so quick with the final blessing. Their father came to their rescue, and it was he who said, "Your prayers are good, but Abram's pork is a d-d sight better; prayers will not strengthen a man to roll up logs." Christian Cackler, *Recollections of an Old Settler*, (1874?), 15.

7 "The last of the five points of Calvinism . . . meaning . . . that those elected by God are sustained by Him in a state of grace, despite weaknesses and falls, and thus assured of final salvation . . . an old subject of controversy between Calvinists and . . . (Methodists)." V. Ferm, ed., *Encyclopedia of Religion* (N.Y.; Philosophical Library, 1945)

8 The Farwell house is at 30 Aurora St.

9 Benjamin Whedon (1779?-1833) was brought to trial on Nov. 11, 1829 and excommunicated and struck from the records on May 21, 1830. *Minutes of the First Calvinistic Congregational Society of Hudson* (1829, 1830).

IV

The Pioneer Mothers (Pages 20-21)

1 Exodus 17.12

V

A Bridge, a Barn-raising, and a Beaver Hat (Pages 22-25)

1 Joel Gaylord (1753-1827), Revolutionary soldier, with his wife and six children, came to Hudson with the party David Hudson brought back with him in 1800.

2 About 1780, Capt. Samuel Brady, "one of the most daring and successful of the Indian hunters," is said to have leaped 21 ft. across the Cuyahoga River. Samuel A. Lane, *Fifty Years and Over of Akron and Summit County* (Akron: Beacon, 1892), 1141. The shelving rocks are somewhat changed, but the site of Brady's leap is about 200 yds. north of the Main St. Bridge in the City of Kent.

3 Christian Cackler testifies that Joel Gaylord did help build the bridge over the Cuyahoga: "I was well acquainted with the men who built the bridge. From Hudson, there were David Hudson, Esq., Joel Gaylord, George Darrow, Joseph Darrow, and Wm. McKinley." Cackler, *Recollections*, 30. The rift between the Gaylord party and the Hudson party may have been due to politics. Hudson was a Federalist and Gaylord was a Democrat, as a letter to David Hudson shows: "The account you give me of Joel Gaylord is bad news, but it is what any one acquainted with him would naturally expect, he was born a Democrat, and has always been one . . ." *Letter from Jonathan Deming*, Aug. 7, 1806 (MS Collection, Hudson Library and Historical Society) Even snow fights were governed by politics in early Hudson, according to Milton A. Lusk (1803-1884) farmer, hatter, abolitionist, and brother-in-law of John Brown. "There was once a Democratic school and a Federal school in Hudson village, and the boys used to snow-ball each other. [John] Brown and I were Federalists, as our fathers, Squire Brown and Captain Lusk, were. One day the Democratic boys found a wet hollow in the battle-field of snow-balls, and began to throw wet balls, which were hard and hurt 'masterly.'" F. B. Sanborn, *Life and Letters of John Brown* (London: Sampson Low, 1885), 33.

4 A 30' x 40' barn was raised for Garry Sanford (1797-1845) in the southwestern part of the township, in 1837 or 1838. *Reminiscenses of Hudson, Ohio for One Hundred Years* (Hudson O: The Hudson Independent, 1899).

5 See n. 3 above.

VI

Western Reserve College and the Oberlin Controversy (Pages 26-33)

1 See F. C. Waite, *Western Reserve University: The Hudson Era* (Cleveland: Western Reserve University Press, 1943), 40.

2 Capt. Heman Oviatt (1775-1854), merchant and trader, came to Hudson in 1801.

3 April 26, 1826.

4 Charles Backus Storrs, Pres. of WRC, 1830-1833.

5 Elizur Wright, Jr., Professor, WRC, 1829-1833; Rufus Nutting, Professor, WRC, 1829-1840; Beriah Green, Professor WRC, 1830-1833.

6 Philo Wright graduated from WRC in 1836, taught there, 1836-1840.

7 Rev. Harvey Coe (1785-1860), Trustee WRC, 1826-1855.

8 Arthur Tappan was a prominent dry goods merchant and silk importer in New York City. See Waite, *W.R.U.*, 207-209, for Tappan-Finney controversy.

9 Charles G. Finney was a prominent evangelist, Professor of Theology at Oberlin.

10 William Dawes (1797-1868) was tried about 1839.

11 Asahel Hooker Kilbourne (1796-1851) merchant and farmer.

12 Rev. Asa Mahan, Pres. Oberlin, 1835-1850. Waite, W.R.U., 169.

13 George E. Pierce, Pres. WRC, 1834-1855.

14 Isaac Israel Bigelow, M.D., attended WRC two years with the class of 1836, but did not graduate. *General Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Adelbert College of Western Reserve University, 1826-1895*, 24.

15 Samuel A. Lane, (1815-1905), sign-painter, editor, Sheriff of Summit Co., Mayor of Akron, temperance lecturer. Lane, *Fifty Years*, 828.

16 Frederick Douglass (1817?-1895), "abolitionist, orator, journalist . . . escaped slave." A. Johnson, ed., *Dictionary of American Biography* (N.Y.: Scribner's 1943)

17 Rev. Caleb Pitkin (1781-1864), missionary, President of first Board of Trustees of WRC, 1826-1830.

18 "The American Colonization Society (1817-1912), labored to remove free Negroes from the United States to Liberia . . . transported 6000 Negroes between 1821 and 1867." *Dict. Am. Hist.*

19 Henry L. Hitchcock, president of WRC, 1855-1871.

20 Angelo Lavelle building at 5 E. Main St.

VII

Some Hudson Pioneers (Pages 34-36)

1 Phillip Fillius (1806-1878), miller and grain wholesaler, lived on the north side of Barlow Rd. beyond the Case-Barlow farm.

2 Possibly William McClelland.

VIII

Dr. Jonathan Metcalf (Pages 37-41)

1 The W. I. Chamberlain house is now at 333 Aurora St., where it was moved from its original site 100 yds. northeast.

IX

Horace Metcalf (Pages 42-44)

1 Rev. George Darling (1821-1902) was pastor 1857-1874.

2 2357 Aurora Rd.

3 Rev. Albert Barnes Cristy, pastor 1886-1891.

X

The O'Brien Family and Its History (Pages 45-47)

1 Hudson Drive.

2 William O'Brien was Summit Co.'s first treasurer. He was elected in 1840 and died of consumption in 1842.

3 This was the remarkable Twinsburg Institute, founded by the Rev. Samuel Bissell, (1797-1895) in 1828 and maintained by him for about fifty years. Although he had no endowments or public funds, he educated about six thousand students, many of them without charge. Of the latter about two hundred were Indians of the Ottawa, Pottawatomie and Ojibway tribes; most of them came from Michigan. William Henry Perrin, *History of Summit County* (Chicago: Baskin & Battey, 1881); *Catalogue of the Instructors and Students*

of the Twinsburgh Institute (Twinsburg, O.: 1847-1861). One of the Institute buildings still remains; it is now the Grange Hall, a stone building south of the center on Route 91.

4 In the northwest section of Stow Township.

5 Anson Alvord Brewster (1807-1864), a Hudson merchant.

XI

Owen and John Brown (Pages 48-56)

1 Owen Brown was not a lineal descendant of Peter Brown for "modern genealogical research has proved that the Mayflower Peter Brown left no male issue." Oswald Garrison Villard, *John Brown, 1800-1859* (Boston and N.Y.: Houghton, 1910), 590, citing George E. Bowman in *The Mayflower Descendant* (January, 1903), 29-37.

2 Dr. Horace C. Coolman lived and practiced at what is now "The Elms," 9 Aurora St.

3 The "Oviatt block" is the building which now houses The Colonial Restaurant, 178 N. Main St.

4 "Some college students once hailed him near road forks, asking the way and distance to Twinsburg. Seeing the trick, he says, 'G-g-g-go' long, you can get there before I can tell you.'" George L. Starr, *Pioneer Sketches* (MS Collection, Hudson Library and Historical Society).

5 John E. Cook, John Copeland, Jr., Edwin Coppoc, and Shields Green were executed on Dec. 16, 1859; Albert Hazlett and Aaron Dwight Stevens, on Mar. 15, 1860. There is, in the MS Collection of the Hudson Library and Historical Society, what appears to be a rough draft of a letter addressed by Lora Case to "Friend Stevens," dated Feb. 13, 1860. In this letter, Case assures Stevens that his death ("to be launched into eternity from John Brown's gateway") will be "the crown of [his] life."

6 John Brown's letter to Lora Case, which is now in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library, came in response to a letter from Case. This letter, which, due to a natural confusion about Case's first name was published in James Redpath's *Echoes of Harper's Ferry* (Boston: Thayer & Eldridge, 1860) under "Letters from Northern Women," follows:

Hudson, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1859

Dear Sir: My long acquaintance with you and with your life has made such an impression on my mind that I feel that there is an attachment formed which Death alone can separate; and now, as it seems the end draws near that you must die, I would say that my prayer is, that you may come off conqueror through Him that hath loved us, and find a resting-place in heaven, where I hope to meet with all the friends of humanity. I want something from your hand to look upon and show to the friends of humanity. Your name on a card directed to me, with a date at the place where you are, I would like with some short sentiment of your choosing.

L.C.

P.S. I hear you have several young daughters, which may be dependent on the charity of friends to get along in the world. I would like to take the youngest, and educate her in my family as one of them, if you and your friends are willing. I have a

daughter sixteen years old, and it would be her delight to help educate one of Capt. John Brown's daughters . . . Farewell! May God Almighty strengthen you as you are about to be offered up.

7 Gerrit Smith (1797-1874) philanthropist and reformer, supported John Brown financially, and, after the Harper's Ferry raid, is said to have become temporarily insane because of accusations of complicity. *Dict. Am. Biog.*

8 Elijah Parish Lovejoy (1802-1837) editor of the *Alton Observer* of Alton, Ill., a religious paper expressing the Abolitionist view, was killed on Nov. 7, 1837 by a mob which was attempting to destroy his press. *Dict. Am. Biog.*

9 Wilson Shannon (not Thomas), the second Territorial Governor of Kansas, intervened in December, 1855, to prevent bloodshed between the Free Soil men and proslavery Missourians and Kansans.

10 This account of the "Wakarusa War" of December, 1855, seems to follow that of Richard J. Hinton in his *John Brown and His Men* (N.Y.: Funk & Wagnalls, 1894). Although Hinton claimed he based his version on his letters of 1856 to the Boston *Traveller*, present-day historians seem to consider his reports irresponsible. James C. Malin, *John Brown and the Legend of Fifty-Six* (Phila.: American Philosophical Society, 1942), 450.

11 Once the "Oberlin Church," now the Angelo Lavelle building, 5 E. Main Street.

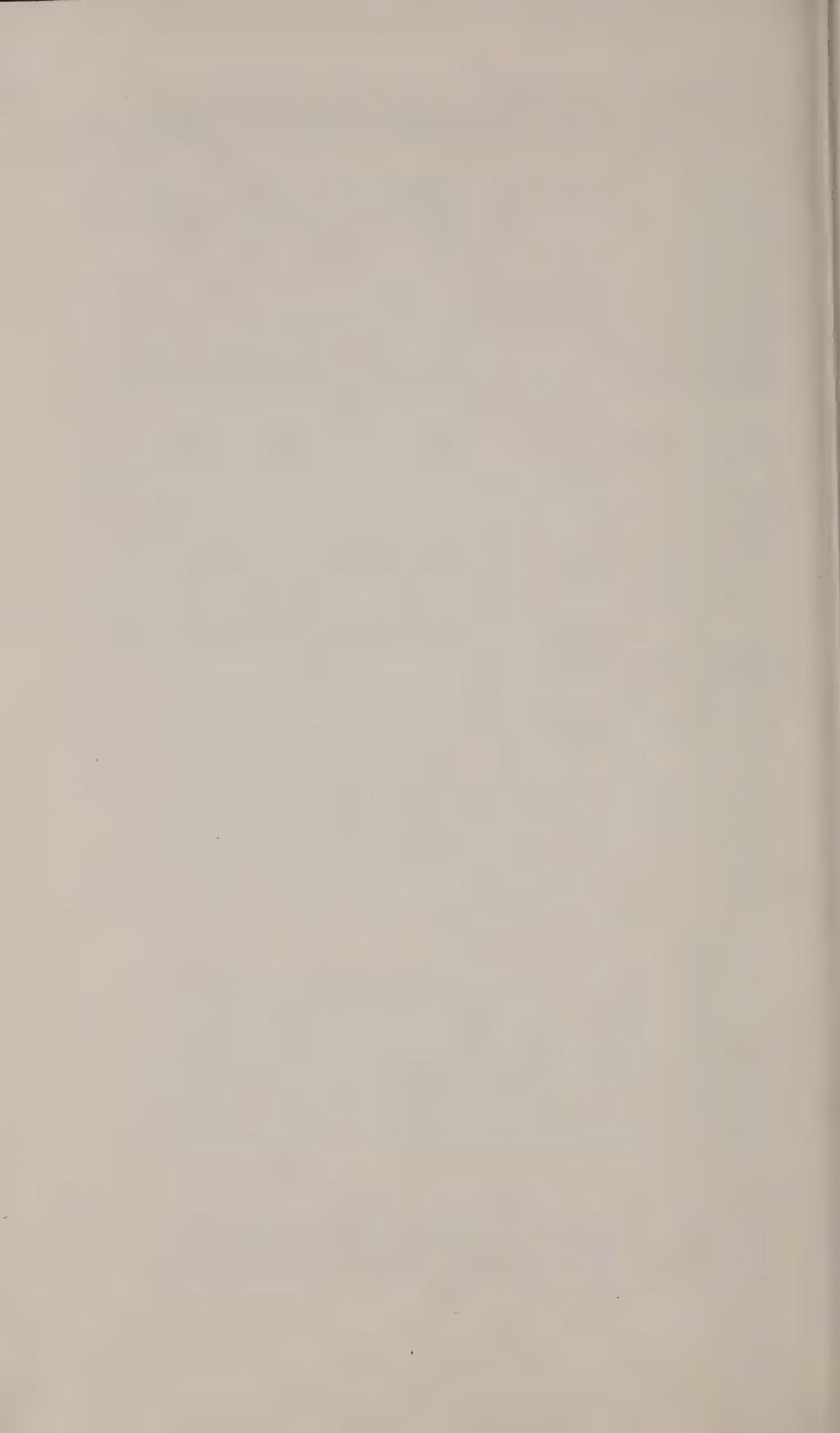
12 Oswald Garrison Villard, *John Brown, 1800-1859* (Boston and N.Y.: Houghton, 1910); Burton E. Stevenson, ed., *Poems of American History* (Boston: Houghton, 1902).

13 Most accounts quote Governor Wise as having used the word "intelligent" instead of "honest."

XII

"Bless the Friends I Love So Well" (Pages 57-59)

1 On the south side of Streetsboro Rd., just beyond Stow-Aurora Rd.



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